

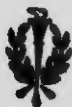


Lady Drummond and her son in 1892.

SOME ADDRESSES

By

JULIA DRUMMOND

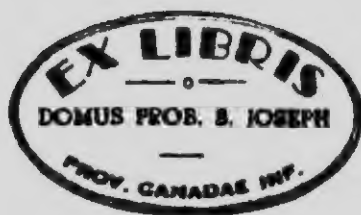


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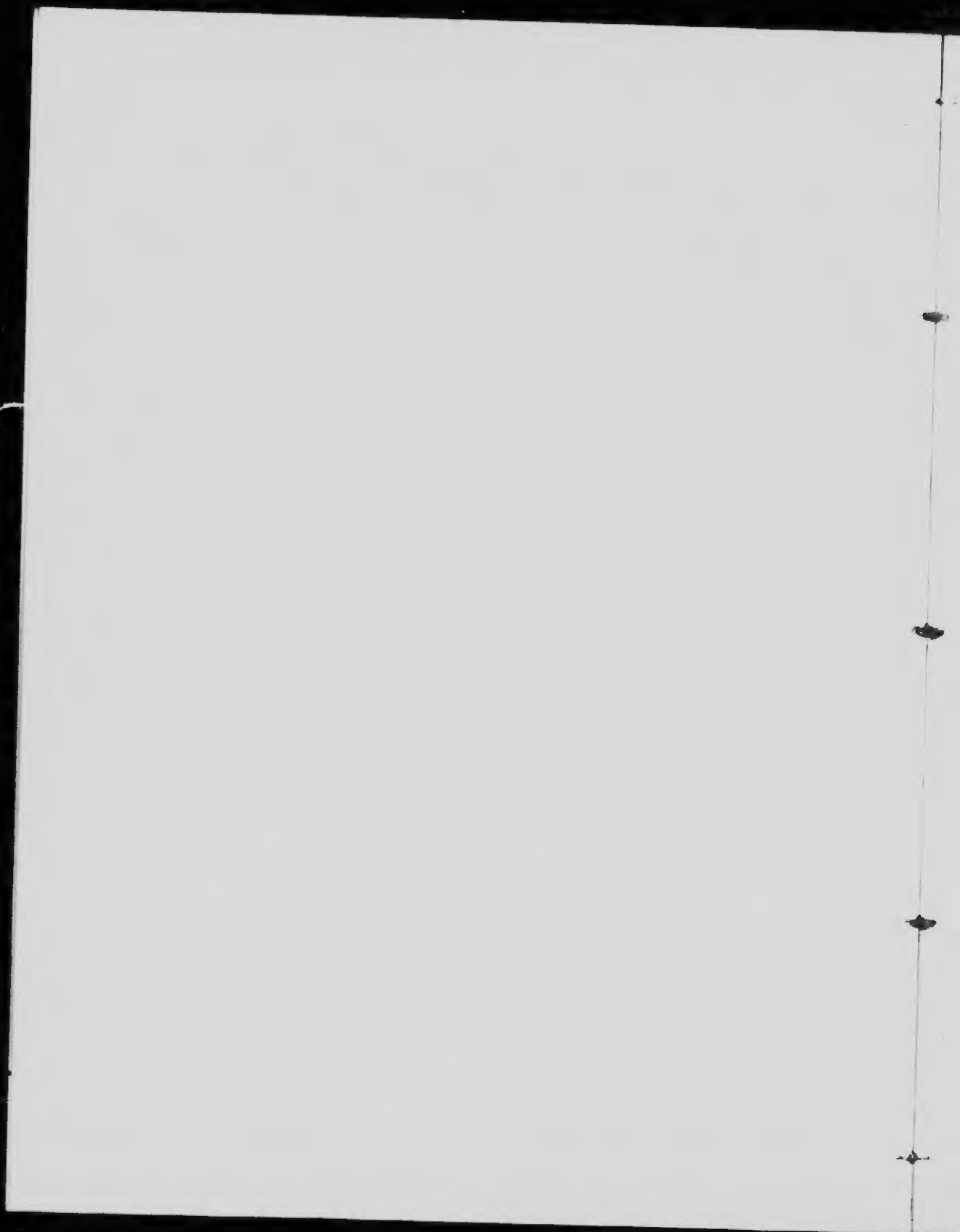
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TO MY SON.

These Addresses are printed with the thought that for you and for a few besides they may have a special value and significance because they were your mother's.

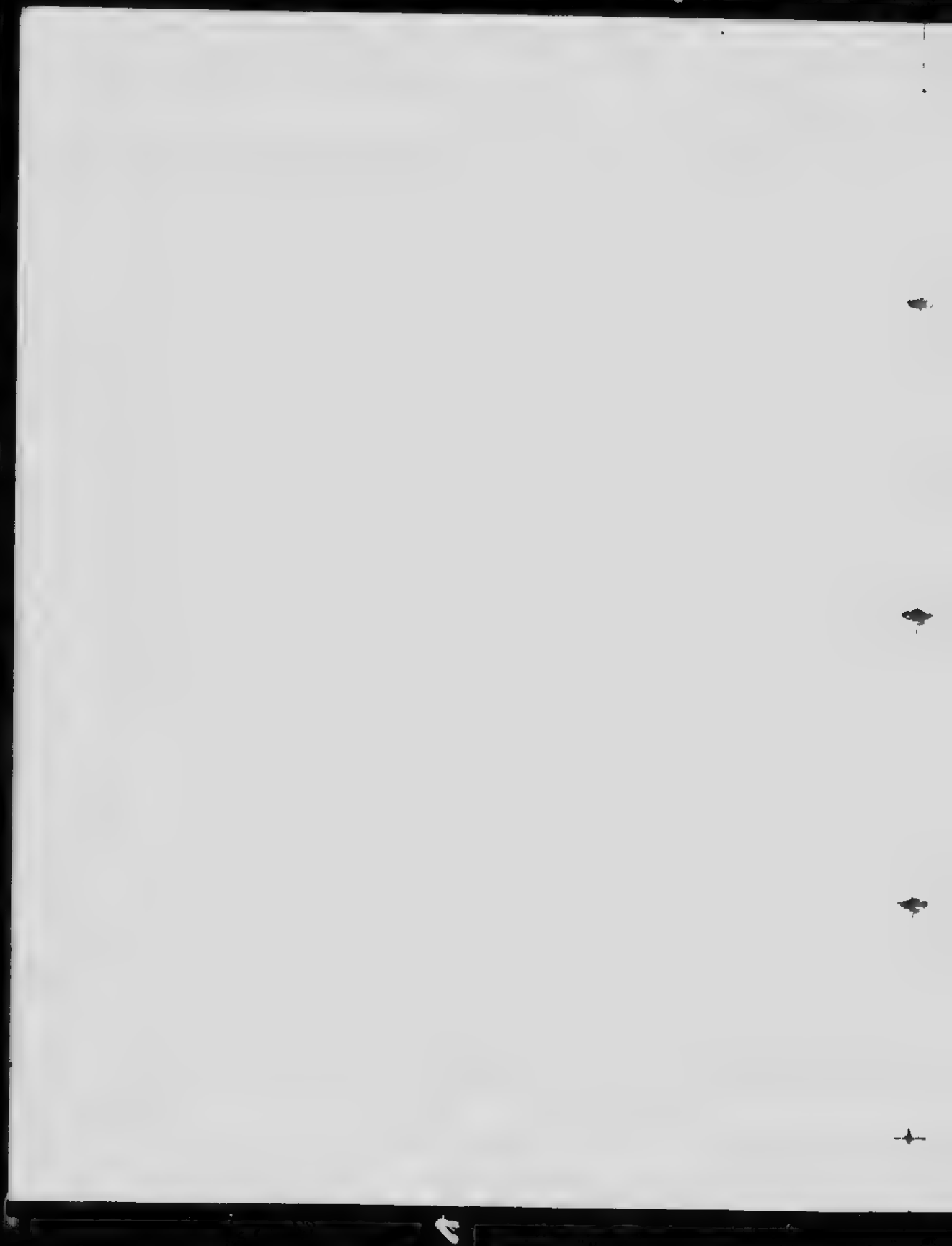
448 West Sherbrooke Street.
Montreal.

December, 1907.



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ADDRESS

TO

THE LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF MONTREAL
1894.

The Local Council of Women may now be said to be fairly established in Montreal. When the scheme was first laid before the public, some of our women workers saw in it, at once, great possibilities of usefulness, and exerted their influence to bring into early affiliation with it those societies in which they were specially interested: others waited a little, for though the idea that inspired the new movement commended itself to them at once as a very simple and a very beautiful one, yet they felt that they should like to know all about the methods to be pursued in carrying out that idea before committing themselves and their societies to the Council.

But assurance has always followed on enquiry, and our membership has surely, if gradually, increased, so that we are strengthened in the hope that our Local Council will be a permanent power for good in the community. There are doubtless some who still hesitate and others who object; but we are assured that hesitation will change into active appreciation, and every objection be found to exist only by reason of a misconception, as the aims and methods of our Council become more widely known.

I shall therefore direct what I have to say to this end; that we who believe in the scheme may have a reason to give for the faith that is in us, and that those who doubt or disapprove may find that they have misapprehended, and may on clearer knowledge be drawn to co-operate with us.

There is one objection (which we may call a general rather than a particular one) to which we must indeed plead guilty. We are an organized association of women; we have our Constitution, and our By-Laws, and Parliamentary Rules; we fulfil, as you will find on looking into your dictionary, all the requirements of the organization called a club, although we do not adopt the name as being hardly appropriate to a society on so large a scale as the Council. Now men have a particular antipathy to any thing that even approaches the Club Idea amongst women. It may be that they are simply reluctant to go shares in what they have hitherto regarded as their sole prerogative, or it may be that they suspect danger in this outward and visible proof of woman's growing self-reliance, and of her ability (long questioned) to join forces with other women in organized ways for the furtherance of a common object. Sometimes this disapproval is a silent one, which we only *feel*; sometimes it is expressed by a peculiar emphasis, as when members of Synod say of our Council that it is doubtless a grand opportunity for women to talk. Now, without becoming controversial, we would ask the simple question, "Why not?" It was said of old "Your sons and your *daughters* shall prophesy," and the later injunction to women that they should not pray nor preach with their heads uncovered would seem to imply that in

early days the feminine hat or bonnet appeared as a matter of course above prayer desk and pulpit. However, we plead for no such startling return to early usage; we only claim our right to talk from the platform and in the assembly, as well as over the tea cups; to talk on questions affecting the great world in which we live, as well as on the problems of the little world called "Home." From my own observation I say that it is generally those who stigmatize a woman's interests as limited to the fashion of her clothes, the blunders of her servants, and the shortcomings of her friends, who most discourage her having any active and living interest outside the domestic circle.

*Witness one of our best modern essayists, an author whom we all read and admire, a not ungenerous critic. Writing of women some 25 years ago, he says that, unless impelled by some masculine influence, they make no progress either in knowledge or discipline of the mind after 25. I think the women of 25 years ago must have resented and might have refuted this sweeping assertion. But what does our critic say in the present day of attainment? He says that men are beginning to ask themselves whether the former ignorance and prejudice and dearth or death of intellectual life that characterized women were not essential parts of a whole that commanded their respect. Oh! you men, did we indeed help you better in your hard fight with the world when, as simpletons in a Fools' Paradise, we knew nothing of the conditions of your warfare there, than we shall when, looking with clear eyes at things as they are, we learn to understand and to counsel, and to cherish a noble respect for your fight?

* Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

No, believe me, home will ever be our chosen kingdom, but we shall order our homes with greater wisdom, and truer love, and more steadfast principle, for taking a woman's part in helping the great world out of the sins and distresses which make the day of its redemption seem to us still a vision that tarries and a day afar off.

Are we then as some say of us joining the ranks of the strong-minded women? Yes and no. Yes, in that we would not be of the weak-minded. Yes, in that we acknowledge that the privileges and rights that are ours now as a matter of course were won for us in the face of calumny and reproach by the strong-minded women of the past. One hundred years ago Mary Wollstonecraft started the Women's Movement in England. In her day such dicta as old Samuel Johnson's asseveration that botany was a most indelicate study for a woman were unquestioned save by the rebellious few. If the old dictator could rise now to find women doctors, and surgeons, and professors of anatomy, what "Johnsonese" would be long enough or strong enough to express his dismay? Keats wrote in 1820. Do you remember his lines on an ideal woman? "The lamb that bleats for man's protection."

Fifty years ago a French writer spoke the opinion of his country when he said that for a woman to "imprimer" or appear in print was to risk her happiness and lose her lover. But the old order changeth, giving place to new, and the woman of to-day can cultivate her mind and even appear in print without fear of social or matrimonial loss. She has still time for pretty dressing and graceful social ways, and she is apt to condemn the women who sometimes gave occasion to the enemy by aggressively ugly

gowns and bonnets: but assertion is seldom graceful, and it was theirs to assert where it is ours to receive. But while we are proud to claim sisterhood with many women who suffered loss for us, we repudiate utterly those types of the strong-minded women, so called, who have brought the name into ridicule and contempt. We claim no kinship with her who meanly depreciates and slanders her own sex, nor with the woman who, ostensibly with a moral purpose, indulges in exaggerated tirades against man—attacks which are often unjust, sometimes in very bad taste, and nearly always prejudicial to the cause they are supposed to serve. Neither is our society formed for the especial purpose of advancing women's rights. Such societies exist and are no doubt needed in this time of transition, but the members of this society are workers as it may happen for men or women or little children, and, as a corporate body, they have the rights of all humanity at heart. If then our mission is not Woman's Rights, is it to set everybody right and to reform the world at large? Shall our endeavour as a society be to live up to the definition of religion once given me by an estimable Scotch woman: "To do your own best and tell everybody else their faults, and not mind if it is disagreeable to you?" No, that is not our particular mission; reform is *not* the leading idea, the *raison d'être* of our organization, and yet it will doubtless be numbered among its *results*. For in the power of our union we shall be able to make a determined stand against any injustice or wrong that may be brought to our observation, and to aid effectually in its redress; we shall be ready to promote, so far as possible, measures for the general good of all. For we begin to

realize that we women, too, are citizens, and having learned by sad experience how awful is the tie that binds us together in our cities, so that the moral shame and bodily disease of the lowest amongst us reacts upon the highest, we are resolved to bear our part in the regeneration of our cities as we have never done before; and as a society we may sometimes have to fill that part by acting as a stimulus to the civic or public conscience. But the perfect law waits for the perfect man. And we women shall best fulfil our part as subjects and as citizens by working for the regeneration of the individual. 't is ours to teach, to strengthen, and to save, and let me emphasize the fact that all the members of the Council are in this truest sense of the word, reformers; each is working in some way for the improvement and regeneration of the race; each is understood to be working with and not against, the eternal tendency that makes for Righteousness. So, the aim of our society is not primarily or directly, more work, fresh reform, but that we should have the joy of sympathy, the help of counsel, in the work we are severally striving to fulfil. Our purpose is that we should grow in love and mutual understanding, in mental breadth and range of vision; that we should by association with others lose all the narrow provincialism of self. And this is to be done at no sacrifice of individuality in matters of belief or opinion. To repress all expression of your opinion because it does not happen to be mine, would take all interest and all profit from our intercourse. We hope that our interchange of ideas will help us to many *new* opinions in art, education, and philanthropy, and even where we remain of the same opinion still, we hope to

realize Carlyle's definition of a perfect friendship, "similarity in feeling and difference in opinion."

To touch briefly on our religious differences. Some have formed the erroneous conception that, at the meetings of our Council, religion is to be left out, or only so much of it brought in as shall fit in with the belief of any one present. But here, too, we ask for perfect freedom of expression, with but one proviso,—there shall be no attack. Let the light that guides each one of us shine clearly before all, but let no one try to put out her neighbour's candle. Two words will sum up our aim, to love and to understand. Does this seem a vague and unpractical issue? Would you call its converse so? Are not half of our religious dissensions, our personal and radical antagonisms, due to misunderstandings. Out of the little seed of a misapprehension may grow a tree whose fruit shall poison the family or the national life. Of such fruit have we our fathers eaten, and the health of the whole system is impaired. Only the love that springs of a wider comprehension and a deeper knowledge shall quicken and restore, and by bringing all the parts of our being, as citizens, as nations, as members of a common humanity, into harmonious working, shall bring us at last unto the perfect man. It was the prophet's faith that there should come a day of universal peace, when righteousness shall rule in the earth, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever. And those who heard him said he was a dreamer. And then the poet came to tell us of a perfect day that is to be, far off, but sure, and we said, "It is a poet's fancy." But now science has come to tell us that

those dreams were true visions, that all things tend to perfection; that in slow, upward progression man is ever working out the brute, and evolving into truer manhood. And history, lighted by science, traces the evolution of the nations from barbarism to political order; from a state of anarchy and oppression to the perfect freedom of a willing obedience to the laws of justice and right.

And so prophecy, poetry, science, history, each from its own standpoint, tells of the fair promise of a perfect day that shall be born in the fullness of time. Does woman realize the part that she has to play in working out these high destinies? She must teach all men, everywhere, to sympathize and to love; she must plant wherever she goes the seeds of love for the seeds of hate. This is woman's mission. For as Addison quaintly said, "Women are made for the cements of society, and came into the world to create relations among mankind." Perhaps no words could more fitly express the central idea of our Council in its local, national, and international aspects. It is to cement the scattered forces in the city and in the nation, and to create relations among mankind.

1896

The Local Council of Women of Montreal enters to-day on the third year of its existence.

Has it in any degree justified that existence? Is the uncertainty which attaches to all new enterprises resolving itself into a well-founded hope of the permanent stability and usefulness of this organization, or does our two years'

experience tend rather to establish the words of those who from the first have said that our existence would be as brief as our aims were impracticable and visionary?

A brief review of these two years may help us in some measure to answer this question—a question which should neither be dismissed as unworthy of consideration by loyal friends of this movement, nor lightly answered to their own confirmation by those who have prophesied failure. To the former we would say, this movement is still a comparatively young enterprise amongst us, and must for some time to come be an experimental one. Its scope is wide and its ideal high. Large conceptions and lofty ideals are not easy of realization.

To the latter we would say, this movement is new to us, and its adaptability to our local and national conditions has still to be verified, but the idea that inspires the movement and the organization that embodies that idea are neither new nor untried—for our Council has its pioneer and precedent in the National Union of Women Workers of Britain and also in the National Council of Women of the United States, and for its aim it has none other than the better application of that old rule, the golden rule, to society, custom, and law.

Is it not reasonable then to ask, Why so sure that an organization which succeeds elsewhere is foredoomed to failure here?

And the idea that inspires this movement, call it visionary and impracticable if you will, but that old rule, "Do as you would be done by," imperfectly practised as it is, is working out the salvation of the world.

But my mission here to-day, as President of this Local

Council, is rather to answer questions than to ask them, and there is one enquiry which is forced upon us, and which in this work-a-day world is always pertinent and in order: What use?

In response to this enquiry let me touch briefly on some of our past endeavours as a Local Council, premising as I do so that the initial years of such an enterprise are never the most fruitful, as much time and thought must first be expended on the organization itself, on the framing of its rules, and its general equipment, before it can become conscious of its existence and realize its possibilities in action.

In this review I shall not dwell on the details of the work which we have undertaken and accomplished, but I shall rather direct your attention to the general lines along which we are thinking and working in our endeavour to meet the more pressing needs of the community.

When our Council was first formed, and all men were asking, What is it for? and some said "Woman's Rights," and others said "Reform," while yet again some answered the question for themselves by asserting that we were formed in order to exemplify and enforce the absolute unimportance of creeds and religious beliefs and speculative opinions, there were yet others who hailed the advent of a "Women's Council" with delight because it would surely set itself to solve before all else the women's problem of domestic service. When these kind friends indicated their hopes to me, I hesitated to dash their ardour, but could hardly share their expectations that the Women's Council was to find and furnish a cure to fit each case. No such cure can or will be found. And yet the matter is one of great interest

and importance to every woman, and as the home-makers of the race we are bound to give it our best attention; and so we turned some of our first thoughts as a Council towards the domestic problem, and we came to the rather humbling conviction that the fault lay largely in the ignorance of both mistress and maid—and the question, “How can they learn without a teacher?” set our thoughts towards the schools, where most of the teaching must be done, and we determined to do what we could to further the movement already in progress for the training of the young in useful handiwork and the principles and methods of housekeeping and home-making. Mrs. Stevenson spoke of the more purely domestic arts, and not only pointed the way, but led us at the conclusion of her address to the Cooking School which had just been opened under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Phillips, Miss Binmore and Miss Findlay spoke forcibly of the advantages of manual and technical training, pointing to its threefold value, economic, moral, and educative, claiming that from an industrial point of view it would at least help to solve the problem of the unemployed by reducing the number of incapables, that from an educative point of view it would enlarge the interests and raise the tastes of the people, and from a moral standpoint would be a powerful factor against frivolity and idleness, and the graver sins that follow in their train. Thus we added our voice to the already urgent demand that our children should be taught to use their hands, and we are glad to see this training in domestic and technical arts becoming an integral part of our school system, feeling sure that it will at once relieve and brighten the school life and help to

prepare our children to meet the exigencies of after-life, and that this early training, though it does not offer a panacea for the domestic grievance, will tend towards happier homes by teaching mistress and maid how to make them.

That this Council has indeed for its ultimate object the building up of happier homes is witnessed by the prominence which this subject has assumed at our meetings—household thrift and simplicity of life as opposed to the ignorant waste and culpable love of display so unhappily characteristic of all classes in our time, forming the subject of a brilliant and trenchant address by Madame Dandurand.

But because our homes and all that relates to them are of paramount interest to us, because we women find in our nearest and dearest enough to fill our hearts, shall we then take no thought for the world beyond? Surely, as homemakers for the race, we cannot limit our sympathies. In a broader sense this world is our home, and nothing is indifferent to us. Unless we learn to merge merely personal considerations in the larger contemplation of the general good, unless we widen our knowledge of the social questions that are pressing for solution to-day, unless we women do our part in solving those moral problems which so vitally concern our sex, the sin and sorrow of that outer world which we have not learned to recognize as in a wider sense our home will creep into that little world so dear to us, that home which we have lived and would have died to shield.

And so our Council is pledged to help without distinction of race or creed, or other claim than that of our common

humanity, the men and women and little children who have need of us.

Naturally our fellow-women have a first claim on our sympathies, and our thoughts have turned to that large class who earn their daily bread in the toil and sweat of the factories. We live by their labor, surely it is our duty to know the conditions of that labor—to ascertain whether those conditions are made, so far as possible, sanitary and non-injurious. In order to insure this we realize that there must be constant and intelligent supervision and common sense tells us that where women work there should be a woman's supervision; that it is as absurd to expect a man to have an adequate comprehension of the needs and conditions of a woman's life as it would be if we reversed the position and made the woman sole supervisor of the man's; so we sent up a petition to our Provincial Government for a woman inspector, and are happy to be able to state that the Government has most kindly and generously acceded to our request and that the appointment will shortly be made. While we rejoice over this we have to remember that the appointment is made avowedly as an experiment, and that it will rest with our first woman inspector either to commend or to disallow its wisdom. That she should be a woman is not enough, she must be a woman of business capacity, with a sufficient knowledge of the conditions of trade and industry; she must be familiar with both languages, French and English, and above all must be endowed with tact, discretion, accuracy, and a dispassionate judgment. There are such women, let us pray that our first woman inspector may be of their number. As we obtain through her aid and

through more extended and accurate statistics information concerning women and their trades, we shall be better qualified to judge of the sufficiency and wisdom of our industrial legislation. Till we have a sufficient knowledge of the world of organized labour let us not be hasty to advance our opinions on trade and labour questions. But it is well that we should keep in touch with our time and fit ourselves to form wise judgments in these matters by careful thought and inquiry, and we are at present considering from all points of view a proposal made at our last General Conference that we should petition Government for a further shortening of the working day for women in factories. Our rejection of this proposal as not founded on sufficient knowledge has led to a further investigation of this subject which will, I am sure, profit us all, whatever the conclusions to which we may ultimately be led.

Let us turn from the labour question to another, to a question which touches our womanhood most closely, a question which until recently it was the fashion to ignore or to treat as practically insoluble, the question of social purity. This also is occupying our attention. We take up this cause, first for the honour of the woman, but also for the honour of the man. Our battle is against the degradation of womanhood and the demoralization of manhood; her dishonour is his dishonour, they cannot be separated. Together we men and women stand and fall. Together we must fight if we would win the victory. Let us see to it, on our part, that we women in our sheltered homes, whom husbands and sons delight to honour, are not through our ease and selfishness making it possible, almost necessary, for other women to walk in paths of shame and of dis-

honour; that we are not, through our carelessness in dress or in demeanour, casting a stumbling block in our brother's way. In the growing recognition of this our individual, our joint responsibility, is the dawning hope of a better day.

It is time that we see to these things.

Yes, we learn our lessons slowly, but we learn them one by one, and this lesson we have learned at last, that in our combat with this world's evil the causes rather than the consequences must be attacked. Justice may restrain, pity may alleviate, but till the poison is tracked to its sources, the curse-spot will remain to spread its blight over human life. One of those sources is at present occupying the attention of this Council—the introduction of demoralizing reading matter, whether by post, through newspaper advertisement, through distribution on the railway trains or otherwise.

The secrecy with which this wide-spread and obnoxious trade is conducted is its safeguard. Once drag it to the light and we have gone far towards suppressing it.

But in dealing with this special form of evil we have to remember the old lesson that it is not enough to sweep and garnish, we must pre-occupy. As we drive out bad reading matter, we must supply good reading matter in its place. And so, as Mrs. Carus-Wilson told us at our last meeting, it must be our endeavour to put good books within the reach of all, by the opening of free libraries, the formation of home-reading unions, and the providing of good and wholesome reading for all members of our household, including our servants. The formation of a National Home Reading Union, to which reference was made at our

last meeting, will, we trust, if accomplished, do much to promote pure tastes and high ideals.

After Mrs. Carus-Wilson's address, I need hardly plead the claims which reading or self-culture has upon every educated man and woman. It is not that we regard reading or scholarship as an end in itself, it is only a means to an end; it is not life, it only teaches us how to live. But viewed in this light we can scarcely exaggerate its importance, for it is not an easy thing to live. The little world of each one's experience may seem a very ordinary humdrum sort of world, but it is often a very puzzling one, and the larger experience that can only be obtained through books will help us to solve its puzzles and to judge fairly and act wisely in its difficulties. But the hindrances that beset our reading are twofold: so many books, so little time. At the best only a very limited number of books can be read in a life-time, and yet our field of choice is practically boundless. The only way out of our difficulty is to make a plan or adopt one. Now, to make a plan for ourselves, to choose and choose wisely, implies such a previous knowledge of literature as only a special student can possess. So the best way for most of us is to be guided by the wisdom of the special student in this matter and to adopt a plan. To-day such a plan is before us. Some years ago Frederic Harrison wrote: "Systematic reading is in a true sense hardly possible for women. A comprehensive course of reading, and a guide to books, fit for the higher education of women, is yet a blank page remaining to be filled." This page is no longer blank. The N. H. R. U., established in England in 1888, draws up yearly a comprehensive course of reading for its members, and guides and assists

that reading through its monthly magazines. Some months ago we entered into correspondence with the Secretary of this Union, asking whether the English Society would favour the formation of a Canadian branch. Miss Mondy replied that it had long been their wish to extend their work into Canada, but they had never had anyone to do it for them. It is hoped that this Council may be the means of carrying out this project, that it may now receive the active support of the Montreal Local Council, be presented for the approval of the National Council at its General Conference here next spring, and thus become generally known and adopted throughout the Dominion.

The courses of reading laid down by this Union are prepared by men and women notable in science, literature and education. Three distinct courses are specified ; one for young people on leaving school, another for busy or working people, and a third for the more highly cultivated or leisure class. A monthly magazine is also published for each of these three classes of readers, giving articles by high authorities on the books to be read, answering questions and solving difficulties. The young people's section comprises books on Natural History and Elementary Science, Biography, Poetry, History, and good Fiction, the Biography, Fiction, and Poetry bearing as much as possible on the period of history given. The General Reader's course is intended for working men and women, or for members of friendly societies and social clubs. The special courses are intended to form a complete curriculum of reading comprehending the chief branches of a liberal education. The fees for membership are very moderate and include the supply of the magazines. For our

Canadian branch they will range, according to the course taken, from \$1 to 40 cents a year, a reduction of 10 cents being made in each case for the members of a reading circle. For the Union aims at organizing its members, so far as possible, into reading circles, each circle consisting of not less than five members. Each of those circles appoints one out of its number as leader, to whom may be sent all books and magazines for distribution. This system of circles lessens the work of the Secretary, and also lightens the expense of the members, the fees being less, and the books, if necessary, being held in common. All sorts of helpful suggestions are given for the formation of the circles. It is advised, for instance, that music should begin and terminate the meeting. Many of us would prefer, perhaps, to become individual members, but the system of circles would work admirably among young people or in the country, or in connection with girls' clubs or working-men's rooms. In the latter case it would be advisable that the leader should be rather in advance of the circles in general knowledge—and even we so-called but often mis-named people of leisure might find time to meet once a month, to talk informally on what has been read at home, to read together the articles in the magazines bearing on the books read, and to agree as to what to read during the next month in the books appointed. The society has no rules binding one to read so much or so long daily, but in order to be a full working member, and to obtain a certificate as such, a certain specified number of books must be read or courses followed during the year.

Let me anticipate some possible objections that may be raised to such a system. To the born student, or the reader

with a special bent in one direction, any guide to books may seem superfluous, a definite list cramping, and the monotony of "all reading the same thing" insufferably dull. Now, it seems to us that even the born student or omniverous reader needs a guide, lest in his wanderings over those boundless fields he lose much time and miss much beauty by the way.

And as to "all reading the same thing," this does not at all follow from the system adopted by the N. H. R. U., for this Union gives to each member a large choice both as to subjects and books, and provides for a range of reading as wide and as diverse as are people's tastes.

It may also be charged against this system that it inculcates reading as a duty, and that reading on principle and not *con amore* is as unprofitable as it is dull. We admit that the Union inculcates reading on principle and as a duty, also that little profit is gained where no interest is taken, but we contend that an interest in books and in the best books can be awakened, and that the first step towards reading them as a pleasure is to read them as a duty. Just as we can vitiate our taste by reading bad books or foolish books, so we can cultivate a taste for pure and noble literature. Yes, if there is one truth we would emphasize to-day, it is that reading is a duty devolving on every educated man and woman, on every man be his vocation what it may, on the young girl, the society woman, the busy wife and mother, the active worker for church and charity. We are never so old as to be exempt from this duty, it is never too late to begin. And why is reading a duty? Let us touch first on a mistaken view of this duty. It is not because culture or information is an end in itself; those who mistake

it for such, who pursue learning for its own sake, miss its true end, and do much to prejudice the cause. They become self-absorbed, they grow out of touch with ordinary, every-day human interests, they lose and foolishly pride themselves on losing all aptitude for that small talk about the trivialities of life which in its place and season answers so useful a purpose in drawing us mortals together. To such readers we may with some reason address the remarks of the disagreeable man in "Ships that Pass in the Night;" "It is wonderful how much we learn when we do not read. It is almost awful!" Why then is reading a duty? Because reading, good reading, must make us better, and wiser, and nobler men and women, because it has in it what has been called "the potentiality of growing rich, both spiritually and mentally." I venture to express my belief that if some such system as this N. H. R. U. were adopted generally throughout this Dominion, if we would train ourselves to set apart some time each day out of the whirl and noise and volatility of life to commune with the great master minds of the past and present, we would surely raise the tone not only of our home-life, but of society, of the drama, of the people at large. And one special word to *women*: Emerson said, "Woman is civilization." Whether that civilization be only in the outward things of fine dress, fine manners, and beautiful houses, and luxurious living; or whether it consist in high thoughts that resolve themselves into noble deeds, and pure tastes that find expression in beautiful forms; whether indeed our civilization be only an outward polish or an inward beauty and refinement that clothes itself in all beautiful things, depends largely on us women, and to a great de-

gree on whether we are women who read. We may hope that many of you will enroll yourselves as members of this Reading Union, giving in your names now, or as soon after to-day as possible, to Miss Skelton, who has kindly undertaken to fulfil the arduous duties of secretary to this Union in Montreal.

And now let me pass on to just one other matter which is occupying our attention, and as I do so I hasten to assure you that it is last though not least of the subjects I have to treat of in this address. I fear that in this brief survey of the various aspects of our work I have tried your patience and perhaps wrought some confusion in your ideas, but it seems to me necessary so to summarize our hopes and achievements that we should all have a sufficient answer to give when asked—and you know the sceptical tone in which we are asked—to give an account of ourselves.

Our work has so far grouped itself under four heads: the domestic problem, labour questions, the cause of social purity, and the promotion of self-culture. There is another question which touches us very nearly, and that is the saving of the child-life which day by day is given to us in the mystery of life and day by day is silenced in the mystery of death. "Given to us" I will say, but "taken from us" I will not say—for are we indeed so sure that it is the Divine Will that these little ones should perish? The very fact that the death rate, though painfully high among children in our own class, is more than twice as high among the children of the poor, points to other causes than the Divine Will, and these causes are none other than the ignorant transgression of those laws of nature which cannot be broken with impunity, because in fact they are the

will of God. Admitting that much of this child suffering and death is, in the present state of our knowledge and under existing conditions of life, unpreventable, it is also certain that much of it might be prevented. That there is a wide-spread awakening to our responsibilities with regard to this matter is attested by the action now being taken in France and other countries. You are perhaps aware that the French Government has recently enacted a law making it punishable to use the feeding-bottle with the long tube, and to give a child under one year animal food. I am told that this action has been taken at the suggestion of a French woman. What better work can we as a Women's Council undertake than to save the life and promote the physical well-being of those little ones? This matter formed the subject of an able paper by Dr. Mrs. Bruere, read at our June meeting, and Mrs. Learmont also treated the "Hygiene of the Home" in an interesting and practical paper at the last meeting of this Council. I would call your attention to the fact, already mentioned, that we are at present endeavouring to spread a knowledge of sanitary laws among all classes by the dissemination of health-literature, and the delivery of free lectures or health-talks. Mr. Renouf has kindly volunteered to keep a supply of the health-literature constantly in stock, and we hope that district visitors and those who are interested in Mothers' Meetings or Girls' Friendly Societies will purchase a number of these very useful papers and booklets for distribution; they cost little and are full of practical suggestions. Our lady doctors are kindly preparing a wall-card of simple instructions for the care of infants, which will, we think, when surmounted by a pretty chromo, be both

useful and decorative in the houses of the working classes, or in our own nurseries.

Dr. Laberge, our Medical Health Officer has promised us his sympathy and co-operation. We are also preparing for a series of health-talks to be given in different quarters of the city, starting from the New Year. We shall be glad if any of you who feel disposed to help at these health-talks, either by providing music, contributing towards occasional tea and buns, or holding the babies in a separate room that the mothers may be free to attend, will give in their names to Mrs. Ridler Davies at the end of the meeting.

And as I ask this, let me tell you why our Council has not yet come to its full strength. It is because the *few* are doing its work. The lists of names on our committees as given by Mrs. McNaughton would tell you that it has indeed its active members. But we are a large body numerically, and our members have not yet in any number realized that they belong to us, and that as they individually shirk or fulfil their responsibilities in this Council, so will it stand or fall.

It is too much the way of our members to ask, "What are you doing?" Whereas the question for each and all is, "What am I doing?" We know that many of our members are already busy workers, but we would promise not to make any heavy additional demands upon their time. Indeed, we would deprecate for our Council a feverish anxiety for work. Our object is first and chiefly conference, and then that we should do all good things as the time comes for us to do them. So we shall be glad if some of you will to-day signify your willingness to work in one way or other, either in promoting the Reading Union,

helping at the health-talks, or in other ways if called upon.

There is another cause of weakness and threatened declension in our Council, of which I cannot but be conscious. A feeling of disappointment is growing amongst some of our affiliated societies that they have gained so little, if anything, through their association with us. Now, I think this disappointment arises largely from a two-fold misapprehension.

1st. It is a mistake to suppose that the *raison d'être* of our Union is the advancement of the individual society—it is rather that through the union of the best women in each city, who, it is presumed, are likely to be the women working for these societies, works of common interest and helpfulness may be furthered, and a sound public opinion be promoted.

2nd. To limit our gain in this association to a money-gain is to use the term in a strangely narrow sense. Surely we can count other gains, less tangible but as real and more enduring—a growth to ourselves in range of vision and sympathy, an increase to the very society for which we work through a general amelioration of conditions. More money may not come into the exchequers of our benevolent societies through our association (though I think it sometimes would if these societies would take advantage of their opportunities to make their wants known to us), but is not their work indirectly benefited by our united efforts to teach and help the poor? Yes, it is all one work, whether it be the ministry of a few in a specialized cause, or the service of all through all; whether it be the cultivation of taste through art societies and musical clubs, or the improvement of moral and physical conditions.

Various as these are, they are all working to one end, the welfare and advancement of humanity, and the gain of one is the gain of each and all.

To touch briefly on one other misapprehension and I have done. Is unity in any true sense possible, some say, where there is such diversity of religious beliefs, or, if possible, is it not a unity based on compromise, a toleration that springs of indifference? No, we neither ignore our differences nor are indifferent to them. Rather we are awake to the fact that matters of belief and speculation are of "absolutely infinite practical importance," but we realize also the truth of the old German saying, that "The finite can only narrowly mirror the infinite in parts infinitely various," and so we trust by combining many of these parts to enlarge our vision of the infinite truth. All parties are represented in our Council—for it is party-spirit, not party, that is and does the wrong, just as it is not the world, but the world spirit from which we pray to be delivered. All parties are represented in our Council, and none yields any of its distinctive principles nor commits itself to those of any other, but the hearts of all are set together in a common cause and against a common enemy. For times and things are always changing, but the world, the flesh, and the devil are with us still; they may have changed names and become, as a clever woman said the other day, environment, heredity and circumstance, but they have changed in nothing else, and oh! how strong they are to-day, so strong that sometimes we cry, "What use!" But you remember the words of Thomas Carlyle, "In the centre of the world's whirlwind, verily now, as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God." Yes, and His

Kingdom shall come upon the earth. That we may hasten it, let our hearts, as the same great Teacher has said, "be set no more against one another, but with one another, and against the evil thing only."

Which if our Council further it shall do well!

ADDRESS AT THE CLOSE OF THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL
COUNCIL OF WOMEN IN THE HIGH
SCHOOL HALL, MAY, 1896.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I am happy indeed to second the vote of thanks proposed by His Excellency the Governor General to the speakers of this evening for the inspiration of their most kind and encouraging words. They have evidently learned that the great secret of help is encouragement, not criticism, not even good advice, but the stimulus of confidence and approval. Not that as a Council we deprecate criticism, nor resent it should it sometimes be blame. No, but just criticism will help us, and unkind or misjudged criticism will not hurt us, just in proportion to the faith that is in us, and that faith will neither faint nor fail while the leaders of our nation in Church and State believe in us.

And now, at the close of this meeting, I would ask permission to say a few words to those who doubt or who have doubted the worth, perhaps even the worthiness, of our Women's Council.

Three years have gone by since the inauguration of the Council, and you have heard to-night the summing up

of our accounts for the time that is past. How do we and this movement stand at the close of the account? As every man shall be judged according to his works, so let our Council be judged, and let our right and our might at the end of the account be one and the same.

You have heard that the Local Councils study to meet as best they can the more pressing needs in their respective communities. These needs vary in each locality, according to size and age and other conditions. But there are certain broader needs which are found not here or there, but in almost every place where human beings form themselves into a society—there are questions which force themselves upon all thinking men and women of to-day, social questions, labour questions, hard problems many of them, so hard that weary thinkers could find it in their hearts to say, "These things are too hard for us. Let us fall asleep and wake when the riddles are solved."

It may seem to some of you that if these riddles are too hard for men, women need not attempt their solution, but may well be content to restrict their attention to problems of the family and the home.

But we believe that as the world is made of men and women, so must its problems be met and its sorrows resolved by the combined thought and action of men and women. We believe that so awful in its reality is the tie that binds us all together, high and low, rich and poor, sinner and saint, that the woman whose knowledge and sympathy go never beyond her own, who has never realized her share of responsibility to the world that is without, is unfit to guide and guard the family and the home.

With this belief, and with the earnest desire to do our part, we have turned our attention to some of the graver difficulties that beset the social and industrial life of to-day, and we gratefully acknowledge that in all our study and endeavour we have had the sympathy and co-operation of able and thoughtful men.

It may seem to some of you that we women, unless indeed we obtain the suffrage, can exercise no authority and but little influence in matters such as these. But I believe that the woman's influence, even when exercised only from within, is greater and more far-reaching than she knows, and that she can do much when rightly informed to prepare public opinion to suggest and to enforce the best and wisest social measures. And here let me touch for a moment on the political question.

It is assumed in some quarters that as a Council we are pledged to woman's suffrage. This is not so, although we have the honour to number some advocates of woman suffrage and a society for the political enfranchisement of women within our ranks. But on this point as on all others there is perfect liberty of opinion, and while party spirit and party action are excluded by the fundamental principle of our Council, all parties are represented within it—that so, from the conflict of different minds, truth may be struck out for all to follow. Whilst some of us believe that woman's suffrage holds the potentiality of much good to the woman and to the world, others ask that women be trained to work inwardly upon the spirit of the time, rather than that they should enter the political arena. In whichever way we make our influence felt, we believe that on the whole it will be a beneficent one, not

because women are better than men (oh! foolish comparison!), but because, as I have said, only their combined judgment can solve the problems of this complex world, because as a modern thinker and man of science has said, "The hope of our future civilization lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and feminine elements in life."

The very faults of which you accuse us as unfitting us to hold any measure of political power are indices of certain moral perceptions in the woman's nature, which, when our sense of proportion has been trained by experience, will supplement and complete the judgment of the man. It is said, for instance, that it is only the absurdly feminine that, in judging of a man's fitness for great public responsibilities, would take into account his private life and the manner in which he discharges the commonplace domestic relations. In illustration I may quote the familiar tale of the man and wife who were overheard discussing the qualifications of their cook. The wife was assured of her respectability and unimpeachable moral character—the husband confounded her moral character and enquired if she could cook beans. The story points the laugh at the wife, but the fact is that both were right as far as they went, but the wife was wrong in stopping short at the morality, the husband in considering only the culinary qualifications. It needed both to ensure competency. No amount of morality would cook a good dinner, but on the other hand the moral ineptitude might some day make any dinner at all a matter of uncertainty. So I think that this feminine censorship of the private and domestic virtues serves to bring into clearer recognition the fact that

"character" is even greater than "intellect" in determining the progress and ultimate standing of the individual and the nation that as the foundation of our prosperity must be laid in pure domestic life, in integrity and in uprightness, so should these qualities rank highest in our estimate of those who fill the highest posts in the nation.

Again, you may hear it said that women would be meddlesome in public affairs, that in our clamour for immediate and far-reaching "reform" we would retard rather than help that progress which must be largely left to tendency and time. True that only experience can teach the sobering lesson of limitation as well as the hopeful one that the tendency of all things is to progress and perfection. But true also that it is a spurious faith that would make this general tendency an excuse for less earnest and strenuous effort on the part of the individual. True also that it is a culpable lack of faith that would justify its policy of non-interference on the theory of the Roman philosopher—"Men will continue to do the same things though we burst," or, in modern phrase, on the principle that every man has the right to go to the devil if he likes. As no man has the right to do a wrong, nor can go to the devil without taking others with him, so no man's effort to leave the world better than he found it is wholly thrown away upon the world.

And so what you may call our faults of judgment are only, as all faults are, the other side of virtue, or faulty as virtues carried to excess, which need but to be tempered by experience and balanced by the judgment of the man to show their right side again and assert their true function and character.

This then is our contention—not for supremacy of place and rule—no, we tender our thanks to that anonymous man who, awaking to this fact, has expressed it in the popular form of the toast, “Woman, once our superior, now our equal!” For the age of that worship when men burnt incense to our charms was also the time of our deepest degradation. May the days of that idolatry never return.

Nor do we ask for a vain and spurious liberty, a liberty that would violate the most tender and beautiful traditions of our womanhood, and set us free to yield all that makes us most distinctively *women*.

No, the freedom that we ask and the dignity that we seek are quite other than these, the dignity of service, God's service and the world's, and the freedom to develop and to consecrate to that service in all their plenitude those varied gifts of mind and character which God has given us.

The days of struggle and transition are passing away, the time of self-assertion, of foolish contest and comparison, of worse than foolish recrimination, is rapidly merging into that fuller day, when we shall all clearly understand that, as the dual runs throughout nature, each thing being but a half and suggesting another thing to make it whole, so is it with the man and the woman, who also in their perfect union are the type and expression of that unity which is the ultimate principle of all things, a unity which implies the differences which it harmonizes and transcends.

And touching upon this word “unity” we do indeed strike the key-note of our Council; that unity which is the pre-supposition and the goal of science, of philosophy, of

theology, is also the ruling idea of our Council, and the mark towards which it strives.

Unity of aim, transcending all difference of thought and of opinion.

Unity of standard, replacing forever that divided ideal which in proclaiming purity to the woman, but to the man truth and honour and strength, does in effect make the man less manly, and the woman less womanly, and proves its fallacy by causing half the sins and miseries of life.

Unity of life, whereby it shall no longer be falsely divided into secular and religious, sacred and profane, but shall in all its parts be inspired by the consciousness of a Divine purpose which, realizing itself under the myriad aspects of nature and in all the life of man, informing all things, transforming all things, shall in the end subdue all things unto itself.

A unity transcending all difference, comprehending all peoples, and nations, and tongues, in whose infinite embrace all shall at last be harmonized and reconciled.

This is the Council idea, this the principle that inspires it, and the end towards which it strives.

1897.

The New Year is a time when we look two ways, first backward to the mingled experience of the old year, then onward to the unknown, untried fortunes of the new.

To-day we hold the third annual meeting of our Local Council, an occasion which, like the New Year on which we have just entered, calls on us, first for retrospect, and then

for renewed hope, and resolution, and endeavour. Mrs. Scott, who is kindly acting as recording secretary, has given us, in brief review, the story of the closing year. Chief of the events which have marked that year is the conference of the National Council of Women of Canada, which was held in our city last May. We look back to that meeting with thankfulness, not only for the stimulus and inspiration which it brought to ourselves, but also for the public appreciation which it won for our Council. I think that up to that date, although we felt that we were slowly getting the better of those three adversaries with which almost all moral movements have at first to contend, prejudice, indifference, and ridicule, yet there were still not a few who, for one reason or another, withheld from us their confidence and approval.

Some admired the Council idea, but held it to be too idealistic; the conception seemed to them too large, the breadth of view too great for practical and permanent results.

Others again doubted even the worthiness of our Women's Council—they identified it in their minds with a movement for what are popularly known as "Women's Rights," and with such a flutter at their hearts as moved the courtiers of Ahasuerus, when Queen Vashti withstood the Royal mandate, men looked anxiously at their wives across the table, and lest they should cease to bear rule in their own house, lest these women should march into their territory like an invading army to rob and pillage and destroy, they set up a scarecrow, that fearful figment of the brain, that hideous and impossible anomaly named "Modern Woman," and pointing to it with the finger of scorn, they said: "This,

oh, woman, is what you are coming to! To such as this do Women's Councils tend."

And then there were those who, while they gave us credit for all sorts of good intentions, yet, because we were women, creatures, as has been often said, of impulse and feeling, blind to possibilities, without adequate sense of the relation between cause and effect, thought that with all our zeal we should only take up these larger questions of the public weal to our own loss and the world's undoing, and that the world and the woman were only safe when she was out of the way, concerning herself solely with the problems of her wardrobe and the nursery, true to those old traditions which make her wilful, capricious, exasperating, it may be, but adorable still.

Now, I think that our meetings last May did much to remove these doubts and misgivings, and so to bring not only our Council, but the true ideal and possibilities of womanhood into clearer recognition.

As to the first objection that large conceptions have a tendency to break down from being too idealistic, we, too, recognize this danger, but we believe withal that one most essential condition of human progress and attainment is, as the poet has said, that a man's reach should be beyond his grasp—we know the truth of old George Herbert's saying, that he who aims for the sky hits higher than he who aims for a tree. We believe that never to fail, never to fall short, though a pleasant thing enough, is, as applied to human action and endeavour, the poorest of all praise. And so our faith in the Council idea is not shaken, but rather confirmed by those who see the difficulties of its realization. We would indeed guard against failure, but not by a lesser

aim and a narrower view, but by a wise patience, a practical wisdom, a spirit of quiet resolution, and an enthusiasm which is rather a glowing concentration of the will than an evanescent sentiment or feeling. And while we thankfully recognize the success which in no small measure has crowned our endeavours, we are not deterred by that failure which must attend them here and there, whether from difficulties from without or difficulties from within—we are indeed prepared to agree with those who say that our Council represents a lofty but hardly practicable idea,—the sky of our hopes is beyond us—we expect to fall short of it. Nevertheless, we are on the way thereto!

And, then, as to the suspicion which is apt to attach itself to all women's movements at this stage of progress, that we are seeking to establish the rights—or in other words the supremacy—of woman, I think that our meetings, last May, did much to dispel this suspicion. We must acknowledge and deplore that the course of the women's movement has been hindered by some of its advocates. There is a history of words, and it is a significant fact that the name "Virago," which originally applied as a term of praise to women of a more than ordinary fineness of character and culture, has come to be a most opprobrious epithet, bestowed, as we find in the dictionary, upon women of a bold and impudent and turbulent temper. But the women's movement has had no monopoly of these more aggressive spirits. And perhaps these women, with their hardness of fibre and their militant demeanour, have been more than a necessary evil to the cause they sometimes unhappily prejudice and misrepresent. Yes, for there was a time when self-assertion was necessary, and it is largely

due to those militant sisters of ours that so different a view is held to-day from that which obtained not so long ago of the possibilities, the duties, the occupations, and the sphere of women; that the world sees more clearly than before that "freedom and knowledge, as well as virtue, are daughters of the Most High;" that it has come to recognize that the man and the woman, while they cannot save or sanctify one another by proxy, the man answering for the woman, or the woman for the man, but must severally for themselves work out the problem of their own salvation, yet "stand and fall together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

The vastness of the change which this conception of our relative obligations has entailed may be estimated by a passage which I came upon the other day, in a book from the Parliament Library. A book published, it is true, only a year ago, and being dedicated by the author, Mr. A. A. Jack, to his father, we must presume that he is a young, perhaps a very young man, and yet we listen to his words with a smile, as the harmless echo from a by-gone day. Writing of Thackeray's women, and trying to account for their absence of outline and of colour, he says: "It is far easier to draw a good man than a good woman—when we speak of a good man, we think of a being who has the world to conquer. A man, if he is good, must possess not only great, but contradictory qualities. He must, at the same time, have both courage and tenderness, both reverence and strength. But the virtues that we love to associate with our ideal of womanhood have none of the attractions of paradox. Her true attitude in regard to matters both spiritual and of this world is one of fond submission.

She was made . . . to be the equal, but the helpmate of man. She must rebel no more against her surroundings than against her fate. Tenderness is so essential a part of her that it has become proverbial; and her courage is derived not as man's, from a consciousness of power, but from an assured belief in the right government of things and a desire to bear unflinchingly whatever may befall. Women who possess these qualities are not colourless in life. Each of our little triumphs brings out a new wonder of admiration. But in fiction, when we try to chronicle these similar occasions, we produce in general a sameness of effect, and art fails to remember what nature has so often shown."

I quote this passage, because it was such doctrine as this that drove the women of an earlier day into revolt—their contention for "rights" was really a claim for "soul." I quote it, too, because, as the harmless expression of sentiments that once wrought incalculable harm, it throws into clearer relief the more worthy and dignified conception that obtains of women, and of the relations between men and women to-day. What is this modern view? Would it make woman less womanly? No; on the contrary, it holds that she must no longer be withheld from the fulfilment, the completion of her womanhood by a system of repression, nor perverted from the Divine ideal, that realization of herself which is the Divine idea, by empty traditions, by unworthy standards, or by false convention.

No, the woman has rights—rights which may be called equal rights inasmuch as she shares them with every human soul, rights which she has no right to surrender, because under and over them is written that great word "Duty"—

and these rights may all be summed up in four short words, "the right to come to herself." Yes, the purest religion, and the highest philosophy of to-day tell us this—that our ideal self is our real self, and that this life is given us to realize it. As the message comes to us, we feel the uplifting of a great hope—the solemn sense of our individual responsibility, the constraining power of a Divine appeal. And so it seems to me that all these much-discussed, oft-abused, women's rights are only the struggling expression of our growing apprehension of a supreme truth—a truth which is hidden in the simple words of an old and beautiful parable, four words which tell us that it is when the soul has come to itself, that the day of redemption dawns for it and for the world.

So we hold that a woman who becomes less or other than her truest self, who adjusts herself to a low or a false standard, whose only tone is a reflection, who is fondly submissive even to the sacrifice of her self-respect to whatever may befall, is and has been one of the most destructive forces in the world's history. The fresh new constructive force is she, who, true to the Divine instincts of her womanhood, bears aloft the standard, lifts high the world's ideals—"Women's Ideals," they may be called for a time, but she can wait—yes, wait with patience and a sweet determination, for so surely as all things tend to the fulfilment of the Divine idea, so surely shall these women's ideals become the world's.

And if, in the past, the women who bore aloft the standard have been women of martial mien and sterner stuff, let us at least thank them for their unflinching courage. If sweetness and light have not always commingled, if it has

seemed as though more light must mean less sweetness, this is but a transient phase of progress, a dissonance of change. For sweetness and light are not opposites, but are indeed essential the one to the other, and can only exist in their integrity together. And I think our Women's Council has done something to prove this by its harmonious blending of these "two noblest of things," for we must thankfully acknowledge that the zeal and energy of the most zealous amongst us have been united with a spirit of tender tolerance and a self-forgetful love—that our Council has not prejudiced the woman's movement by thrusting forward those more aggressive spirits of whom it may sometimes with too much truth be said, that while knowledge has come, wisdom has lingered, but that it has helped, by the voice of those gentler and wiser spirits who have spoken from its platform, to make manifest the true tenor and purposes of the movement, which is indeed not to demand and enforce "the rights," or, in other words, "the supremacy of woman," but the rule of right.

And now a word as to the last charge of which I have spoken, that women are naturally unfitted to pronounce an opinion or take an active part in public affairs, because they are apt to be biased by personal feeling and to form their conclusions rashly and without balanced judgment or due consideration. We confess that there are women, may we not say men, also, but probably women, from the warmth of their feelings, the quickness of their mental powers, and their lack of mental training, are most apt to commit this blunder, who are ready to offer at a moment's notice solutions for questions which a thinking man takes a lifetime to consider. We acknowledge also that there are

women who, because their love and interests go never beyond their own, become in ordinary every-day intercourse warped in their judgments, prejudiced in their feelings, small and mean in their estimates. This strong personal bias, leading sometimes to an unfairness which is almost dishonesty when such women have to judge and act for themselves in commercial and public affairs, is the inevitable result of a narrowed life; of that exclusive absorption in her own which, while men condemn the fault they would uphold and perpetuate as worthy of all praise. Yes, for women need not be hard or selfish, but only narrow in heart and mind to blight and sadden where they should bless and save. Broaden the current of their sympathies, enlarge the circle of their lives, give to them in some form the discipline of association, let them experience the whole-some shock of contact with other women of other circles, of unlike views and different lives, and they will no longer take an exaggerated and partial view of things; they will no longer give the colour of truth to those platitudes that would deny to them "justice," the first of the cardinal virtues, that they did when their circle was limited to a social clique and their horizon bounded by their own personal cares and griefs and joys.

And as for the woman's impatience, her dislike for half-measures, her refusal to see apparent impossibilities, all this impetuous zeal is needed in the world. It has helped to reform many things which, while men acknowledged them as evils, they had come to accept as inevitable. Yes, it is needed that men may not grow discouraged or indifferent, but may still hope and energize and pray, keeping their faith in God and man though half the world go

to contradict it. Only let men and women fulfil their equal part together—the man with his closer knowledge of the world to moderate and guide, the woman with her strong hopefulness and her impelling earnestness to inspire and to sustain, so let them solve these problems which, as they concern a world of men and women, can only be rightly met and understood by the combined thought and action of men and women.

It may seem to some as if such abstract questions as these had little practical bearing, and were but slightly connected with our year's work. But I believe that the most vital work the Council has done, and its most important, yes, its most useful work for the future, is the dissemination of ideas. That this is indeed the meaning and mission of the Council is implied in the very mode of its composition—for how is it constituted? It is a federation of ideas. The societies that compose it, with a just sense of the value of concentration, are each striving to work out some special "one idea" in the cause of social progress and reform—the Council, with a no less just sense of the value of co-ordination, seeks to bring all these ideas into vital and harmonious relation with one another in that cause which is common to them all. It is, therefore, before all else, a union of ideas, and as such its function is to be an educative force, first to those within the Council, by broadening their minds and sympathies and saving them from the provincialism of one circle, one outlook, one idea, and then, to the community at large, by uplifting and purifying the prevailing ideas and helping to form by the united voice of those women a more just and enlightened public opinion.

There are those to whom such an aim as this seems visionary and unreal; they can see the good in a soup kitchen or a sewing society, or any other form of benevolence that enlarges the sum of tangible benefits—that leavens the loaf—but little or no use in a society that would uplift and enlarge the ideas, or leaven the doctrines of men. And yet the whole course of history and of our own experience tells us that there is no force on earth so potent for good or evil, so constructive, so destructive, as the force of ideas, and that the great determining power in social and national life is public opinion. The society, therefore, that is helping to purify ideas and to form a sane and wise and enlightened public opinion is really, more than any other, doing a work that is practical and enduring.

And so it is with a deep sense of the vital import of the question that we ask ourselves before all else, at the year's end, what impression the Council is making, what influence it has had, and is likely to have, upon public opinion. And it is not in a spirit of vanity, or of self-gratulation, that we hear the answer that comes to us through the press: "The Council no longer needs justification or defence, it is itself its own vindication;" but with a spirit of deepest thankfulness, and with the earnest hope that nothing we may say or do in time to come may forfeit that opinion—that we may be more and more purged as individuals and as a Council from self-seeking, self-righteousness, self-assertion, and all else that would mar that impression.

And now, before closing, I would point out three ideas to which most of all our Council is striving to give emphasis and expression, so much so that I think they may be called its ruling ideas. First, there is the home idea. It

is our hope that through the Council we may be enabled to realize better in our own lives, and to make more possible to others, the true ideal of the home. To realize it in our own lives, and to make it more possible to others—it must be a twofold endeavour if either aim is to be fulfilled.

She who does not love her own with a special devotion, to whom her home, her own home, is not most sacred and most dear, can have but a shadowy realization of the wider human affections, for it is from the sense of the peculiar ties of the family that the sentiment of the universal brotherhood has sprung. She, on the other hand, whose compassions and sympathies are shut up within the compass of her own, loves with neither a wise nor a far-seeing love, for awful in its reality is the tie that binds us all together—high and low, rich and poor, sinner and saint, and alas! for the home, if she, the home-maker, be indifferent to the sin and sorrow and toil that are without. She may never see the misery and destitution in the homeless courts of the city, but the pestilence that is bred there may creep silently and insidiously into her home and make it desolate; the moral shame of the lowest there may touch and contaminate her sons, when they go forth from the shelter of the home into the open and perilous ways of that outside world.

So through all our works runs this twofold endeavour, which is in reality one—to make for ourselves and others more possible, more pure and peaceful, more joyous, and simple, and complete, the life of the family and the home.

It is because we believe with Mr. Booth, that it is impossible to elevate the conditions of a people above the condition of their homes, and because we cannot be obli-

vious of the fact that there is much in the present conditions of our industrial life, with its fiercely competitive adjustment of the terms of work and wage, that makes home in any true sense impossible for great masses of the people, that we have interested ourselves in those grave economic problems which are pressing for a solution to-day. We would not pronounce rashly and unadvisedly on these questions, but we would learn to feel, and we would grow to understand.

It is because we believe that homes must be unfit, while air and water, nature's most bountiful gifts to man, are by the great majority in our cities so little appreciated and so scantily enjoyed, that we are endeavouring by free Health Talks to diffuse a knowledge of the laws of health, and would also plead for such facilities that these laws may be observed, pointing out for instance a need which has long been recognized in the cities of Europe, and is rapidly obtaining practical recognition in the cities of America, the need of public bath houses, where the people who earn their bread in the dust and sweat of manual toil, sometimes in trades that necessitate poisonous atmospheres, who remain all summer long in the stifling air of the city, and whose only facility at home for cleansing and refreshment is a sink and a cold water tap, may have a hot or a cold bath at a nominal charge. We have the experience of other cities to testify both to the very moderate cost of maintaining such baths after their initial expenditure, and to their absolute economy in the interests of the public health.

It seems to us, indeed, that in everything that pertains to the "City's House-keeping," the cleanliness of the streets, the care of milk, the guarding of all foods from improper

exposure, the woman's judgment is especially needed, and the woman's voice is entitled to be heard, for in all these things the home, her peculiar province, is vitally concerned.

It is for the moral purity of the home, that we are endeavouring to stem the tide of a worthless or poisonous reading matter, and to cultivate a taste for a literature that is wholesome and pure. And it is a special feature of our National Home Reading Union that it aims not only at forming the tastes of the young, but at promoting the intellectual advancement of those of larger growth. It aims at home culture. Do you remember how Carlyle writes of "the all but omnipotence of early culture." And the schoolmasters say the same thing when they tell us that they know at once whether a boy comes from a cultured home or not. How many of us realize as we should that self-culture is so large a part of our duty to our children and our homes?

So, if you consider our various lines of work and endeavour, you will find that they all tend directly or indirectly to the perfecting of the home. Even where objection has been made to subjects taken up by the Council, as, for instance, when one of our own local Councils could hardly see the good of our enquiry into the causes of insanity, we could not touch the fringe of that subject without learning lessons that are of most vital importance in the home. For we are told that in a large proportion of cases, insanity can be plainly traced to "malign influences of childhood;" to the over-indulgence that saps the power of self-control, or the depression and strain of too severe a discipline; to the horrors bred of the dark to the imaginative and highly strung child, or the tortures of self-questioning that

afflict the child who has been taught from infancy that he is the child of the devil. We have learnt also that monotony does much more than over-work to fill our asylums, and that, therefore, there is wisdom in encouraging all sorts of wholesome hobbies in our children, and in having ourselves a "double line of rails." Surely, these are lessons which we do well to lay to heart, as women, as mothers, as makers of the home.

Yes, men need not fear lest, as our sympathies broaden, we should hold the home less dear, for deep in the heart of the woman lies the home-passion, and we would ask no greater service than this, to learn ourselves and to teach to others the making of the home.

And now, as I have already occupied your time too long, let me in very brief words indicate those two other ideas to which our Council would give emphasis and expression, the idea of service, the idea of unity.

The idea of service—that old lesson which in its full significance the world takes long to learn, that there is no honourableness save that of service; that all that one may have of wealth or rank, or force of intellect, or power of strength or beauty, has no value *per se*, but only as it give wider opportunity and larger scope for service—a painful honourableness this, one which is worth striving for, but which those who seek great possessions, or power of rank, or place, do well to estimate—the greatness which attaches to those things is the power of service.

This, then, is one of the ideas by which our Council is inspired, and which it would express, that the one condition of true greatness for each one of us, whether our vision be limited to the here and now, or extend to the hereafter,

is the power of service. Do we not feel that this is the ruling idea of her to whom the Council looks as its leader, in her life and in his, who, because they occupy the highest post in the nation, have made themselves, in all sincerity of aim and endeavour, servants of all ?

Of the various ways in which our Council would emphasize that great idea, the idea of unity, I have spoken on previous occasions and shall not enter now. Only a word to those who, amidst the conflict of opinion, the clash of opposing tendencies, the discord of social or religious feud, or of the nation's hate, are fain to confess that to them unity, even while they sigh for it, is but a visionary hope.

And again, a word to those who, as they feel the burden of the world's sorrows and the mystery of its pain, are moved to cry: What is individual effort worth? What use? To such as these a message comes in a voice which they, even they, the doubting ones can trust, in the name of that science which by many is regarded as inimical to faith, and the message is this: Man who from the beginning has been dimly conscious of a divine unity, who, amidst apparent discords, has faintly divined an eternal harmony, has in these days of transition and unrest gained two great certainties—the certainty that this unity in which he has trusted is indeed the ultimate reality, the great and universal fact, the assurance that the motive of the eternal harmony is divine. All science is based upon the assumption of an ultimate unity. All knowledge, as it grows, proclaims the eternal tendency that makes for righteousness.

Here, then, is firm ground for hope and action, even for those whose feet seem to be set in the shifting sands.

To them, as to those who stand upon the rock of a surer faith, is the message sent and the promise given, a promise seen it may be afar off, yet towards which we, under the impelling and dominating force of this divine unity, this divine purpose, must ever move. It is in the confidence of this hope that we live and work—what else were our feeble efforts worth? But that we are working with that eternal tendency, that we are helping to realize that divine purpose, is enough. Enough to keep us individually, and as a Council, patient in striving, rooted in charity, joyful through hope.

ADDRESS ON THE COUNCIL IDEA.

(Sent to the Meeting at Charlottetown, P.E.I., in May, 1905.)

You ask if I will write a paper on the aim and work of the National and International Councils. If by this title is intended an essay bearing especially on the aim and work of the Council in its broader fields, as distinct from its local work and significance, then I confess myself inadequate to the task. For it seems to me that the Council in all its branches has but one aim. And as circumstances have for some years deprived me of close touch with its work except under its local aspects, I am at least of all qualified to present to others a living picture of what it has accomplished as a national and international force. So that all that I can give is a few words on the "Council Idea," which may be read or not at the meeting as may seem best to you.

First of all, let me emphasize the fact that the Council

does represent and embody an *idea*. Herein lies the secret of its value, its very *raison d'être*; and hence also arise those misunderstandings which are responsible for most of its difficulties, because it is so much easier to explain and to grasp a concrete fact, a definite object, than an abstract principle.

It is doubtless a simple statement as well as a true one, that a distinguishing mark of the Council is, that it limits itself to no one object, whether literary, philanthropic, or other, but that it embraces all aims of all societies that tend to the general good. That this should be so is indeed essential to the carrying out of the Council Idea, but when taken as an "explanation" it is misleading, producing in the interested Council member an uneasy sense of things to be done, of impossible and never ending claims, and on the other hand leading to disappointment and lack of interest on the part of members of affiliated societies. While occasions will arise when the specialized cause may be greatly furthered by drawing on the influence of the larger and more representative body, yet to say that this is the object of the Council, or even that its purpose is the promotion of great causes through the joint action of the many, is to fall short of the full meaning of its informing Idea.

And this Idea is—"Unity."

Yes, that the world may be helped to realize this principle, that through its application it may overcome all the misery and discord and weakness that are the result of divided forces, a double standard, a divided life, this is the high mark towards which our Council strives.

But how does the Council, in its attitude towards life and things, exemplify and commend that great Idea?

It is, of course, written on its Constitution that this is its fundamental principle, its guiding thought. There we read that it unites within the bond of a common aim and in one great organization the scattered forces of womanhood throughout the world. By its one condition of membership all women are admitted within it who are, in any way, endeavouring to make life fuller, richer, and nobler. No specific line of thought or action is demanded by it; it will receive all who, whether by the power of conduct, or of intellect, or of beauty, or of social life and manners, are making it a better thing to live. It would establish relations among mankind by a sympathetic comprehension of all their varied needs and their many points of view. All this is plainly the theory, the aspiration of the Council.

The poet tells us that "man is what he aspires," and we must believe that the Council, were it only by its visible presentment and embodiment of this Idea, is helping towards its general acceptance and realization. Its application as a guiding principle to the varied problems that confront it may perhaps be best understood by a brief reference to the position which it has assumed towards certain of these questions.

Take, for instance, its attitude towards Woman's Suffrage. When the Council was first organized it was assumed in some quarters that the enfranchisement of woman in general, the woman's vote in particular, were to be its main occupation. Now it is clear that the idea of unity by which the Council is governed can only be fulfilled in practice on two conditions—1st, that the Council should not commit itself

as a body to any course of judgment that is distinctive of a party, and 2ndly, that it should embrace and give equal place to all parties; otherwise it becomes by exclusion partisan. So our Council as a whole has made no pronouncement on the general question of Woman's Suffrage, but it is glad to include societies whose object is its promotion, women who are qualified to present and plead its cause, as well as those who ask that women be trained to act inwardly on the spirit of the time, but dread for them the political arena. And one reason for Woman's Suffrage which has been given at meetings of the Council points to a further application of the principle of unity. It is that the claim is founded not on the assumption that men and women are the same but rather on the fact that they are different, and therefore that the masculine or feminine judgment by itself is necessarily *partial*, and inadequate to the problems of a complex world. It is on these differences, we have been told, that the claim is founded, and even those who do not draw quite the same conclusion must share the view that the hope of the future lies "in the development in equal freedom of the masculine and feminine elements in life."

And so to pass to the application which the Council has made of its guiding principle to questions involving standards of life and character for men and women.

Here the Council has spoken with no uncertain voice. The man and the woman are different, it has said, and in this difference lies their mutual need. Mentally as well as physically they are each other's complement and completion. As conventional restrictions give place to natural limitations, this will be not less but **more** apparent; but this difference does not apply to the principles of life and

conduct which must guide them both to their full and highest development. The application, the mode of expression, must vary, but the courage which leads the man to combat is the same courage by which the woman endures; the purity by which her womanhood stands or falls is essential to the strength and integrity of his manhood; and it is in this sense that the Council apprehends and endorses the view of Ben Jonson that "the ideal woman must have a learned and a manly soul," and of Goethe, who held up as a guiding force in his *Faust* "the eternal womanly." So shall he find in the woman truth, and honour, and strength, and she in him a noble chivalry of thought and deed, and both together guiding their lives by one "yea" and one "nay" shall in such unity find the harmony of all difference, and the completeness of an undivided life.

These words, "an undivided life," suggest one other sphere of influence in which the Council would express its great Idea—it is the sphere of life itself. Which of us does not carry about with us something of that old Manichæan idea of a "double absolute," of life in two parts, of which the larger, its toil and pleasure, and much of its beauty, is a tribute to the lower god. Which of us, even if we grasp the conception that nothing is "unclean," can go on to say in the same sense that neither is anything "common." God *may* be in the Mount—of this we are not so sure as were our fathers—but is it not a poetic illusion, with no real meaning for those who toil on life's dusty high roads or stray for awhile into its pleasant places, that "every common bush is afire with Him." Here the Council speaks again

by its very Constitution of the unity of a multiform life. It would correlate and combine all energies that are working for "good," whether in art or literature, in "society," or in "philanthropy" so called. And in dealing with problems social and industrial it acts from the conviction that these things are of as vital importance to the coming of the Kingdom of God, which is the triumph of righteousness, as are the questions which for the sake of distinction we call "religious." It is indeed by the energy, the unremitting toil, of commercial and industrial life that practical philanthropy is made possible. Our hospitals and churches, all the innumerable agencies for the relief and uplifting of humanity, spring not only from the prayers and efforts of the social reformer, and of those set apart for spiritual ministrations, but also from the hard won results of buying and selling in the marts and markets of the world. All are bound together, and all our present discords, whether industrial, social, or religious, must find their harmony in one and the same rhythm. "Man living in accordance with the law of his being, the will of God, that is civilization."

So is all life essentially one, but till we see it so, till we realize its unity in diversity, our corporate and individual life is maimed and marred, and religion itself, becoming "a thing apart" instead of the consecration of all actions and all interests, loses its value to the soul and to the world. Work and worship, the pleasures of sense and the more imaginative and spiritual joys, are all parts of one life, all are necessary in their measure to its true fulfilment and to the realization of the Divine life in men. This then is part of the message of the Council, a message which it

seems to me breathes also through some beautiful words of Plato quoted in the life of the writer of "John Inglesant," words which may seem to some of us "prophetic of one who came after," which bring to us all thoughts of a Divine Immanence, of a gracious and beneficent Presence, of the way in which that awe-inspiring unity which is the goal and presupposition of all thought and all science can touch and reconcile our lives. You remember that Plato called Eros oldest of the gods, because through the uniting power of love he brought order and harmony out of chaos.

"Into all these things," Plato makes Agathon say, as he tries to express the meaning and spirit of love, "*into festivals and dances and sacrifices, he enters, bringing mildness and peace; the friendly giver of good-will to men, gracious to the good, sought after by the poor and needy; the giver of a happy life, of tenderness, of grace, of longing, and of regret; in labour, in fear, in speech, the pilot, the comrade, the saviour: a leader the most beautiful and the best, whom all men should follow, chanting hymns in his praise, and sharing in that sweet song by which he charms to rest.*"

It is this song, the song of the "Heavenly Anteros," that sounding in men's hearts shall, if they will but hear, bring all into unison.

In these few words, I have tried inadequately to explain the great idea which informs and guides the Council, and to indicate how it applies that idea as a test principle to life. The actual work which it has accomplished can be best told by others. As a rule its part is rather to initiate movements than to carry them out, to influence and suggest rather than

to engage in large enterprise. In this part it has had much success. Through its influence women in industrial pursuits have been provided with additional moral and physical safeguards, and changes reflecting and setting a higher moral standard have been made in the law. In all such matters it could, of course, have done nothing without the active sympathy and co-operation of men. That it has been able to secure these, is we think a tribute to the judgment of the Council, an evidence that it has not acted on mere impulse or superficial knowledge, but has formed conclusions only after careful thought and enquiry. Especially in dealing with trade and labour questions, as for instance the length of the working day for women in factories, has it been slow to advance opinions, while at the same time it has endeavoured by an intelligent sympathy based on an extended and accurate knowledge to help towards their solution.

The end which it keeps in view is such an amelioration of conditions, such an adjustment of relations, as shall give to every man the opportunity to make the best of himself, to know and to do his own work, to find and to hold his true place in the social order and economy.

And while its attitude towards industrial questions has been respected by the employer, it has also won the appreciation of the working class, one of whom wrote to me after an Annual Conference of the National Council: "I followed the Convention through very closely, and must confess that I was most agreeably surprised and delighted at the amount of knowledge displayed by people who we thought knew nothing of the condition of their less fortunate brothers and sisters and cared less."

Yes, for the patience which the Council advocates, and which it would practise, is not the indifference of *laissez faire*, or the supineness of a hopeless submission, but the true patience of expectation, of a confident and energizing hope. It is because we believe that we do not make haste.

And the Council has also kept in view that the woman's part in ameliorating conditions must always be, above all, the making, the conservation of the home, and it is with this thought and motive that it has interested itself in sanitation, in the feeding and care of infants, in the exclusion of worthless or debasing reading matter, in the furtherance of a taste for good literature, good art, and the industries and handicrafts of the home. It has also given prominence at its meetings to the subject of household thrift and simplicity of life as opposed to ignorant waste and the culpable love of display. It attributes to these, to the selfish extravagance of the rich, the heedless improvidence of the poor, much or most of those social evils which, while they are recognized as the canker of civilization, defy and baffle legislation, and are the despair of the State and of civic reform. And it would have all women realize that much of these evils is due to their delusions, their carelessness, their unwisdom, and that the cure rests most of all in the influence of a pure and enlightened womanhood and the perfecting of the home.

Yet in this, as in other causes common to both, the man and the woman must work side by side—the man with his calmer judgment and his closer knowledge of the world to moderate and guide, the woman in her passionate earnestness and her impelling hopefulness to uplift and to sustain.

And the call of the Council is—

Men and women, let us go forward together, for our progress and our destinies are one. Men and women, let us go forward together, one in the infinite Unity, one in the infinite Love!

That the Council, informed and dominated by this great Idea, may help towards its final triumph is the hope of,

Yours very sincerely,

JULIA DRUMMOND.

ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE COUNCIL MEETINGS,
TORONTO, 1895.

PRAYER, AUDIBLE OR SILENT?

In discussing this matter we are obliged, unfortunately, to lay stress on those religious differences which, though we all recognize them, it is desirable that we should, so far as is consistent with the work and aim of our Council, tacitly recognize. Thus, if I seem to accentuate those differences and bring them into prominence, it must be understood that it is for this reason only, that as this question has arisen out of our religious differences, so it can only be solved in relation to them.

But there is a misapprehension with regard to this question which must be removed before we can fairly consider it. An idea seems to have obtained that the question of prayer, audible or silent, resolves itself in reality into another question; "Shall we, or shall we not, arrange our religious differences by a compromise?" Now, that question is *not* before us; that question was settled long

ago by the fundamental principle of our Council, which is, that none of its members shall, in any wise, be committed to any compromise of faith. Let us declare to all that "*No Compromise*" is our fundamental principle, already established; that it is indeed our test principle, and that as the alternatives offered us in this resolution and amendment correspond or not with this principle, so must be our decision with regard to them. The question now before us is not then, "Shall we compromise?" but which of these alternatives is most in harmony with our fundamental principle of "*No Compromise*."

First, to consider the audible use of the Lord's Prayer from the standpoint of the non-Christian minority. Is it to them, in any degree, a concession of religious faith or feeling?

I think we may say at once that so far as "Faith" is concerned, the Lord's Prayer, in its separate phrases or its entirety, can be said, and truly said, by Jew and Gentile alike.

But by whose name do we call this prayer? The Lord's Prayer. And what renders it, apart from its intrinsic beauty, so specially dear to the hearts of Christians? Surely its associations with their Lord. It is to us *The* Lord's Prayer, because *our* Lord's Prayer.

Those then to whom He is not *their* Lord can hardly admit a prayer which bears as its title *The* Lord, without at least a seeming compromise of their belief and doctrine with regard to Him. A seeming compromise only, but is it the better because it only seems?

And if only a seeming compromise of faith, may it not be, must it not be a very real compromise of feeling; for

the associations that make it dear to us must be also present to them, and though we believe that He who gave us that prayer now holds, as a human character, a high place in the esteem of all true men, yet that great crisis in the world's history with which He is forever connected must be to us a painful or a gracious memory, according as we receive it.

Can we say, then, that the fundamental principle of our Council, that there shall be no compromise of faith or feeling for any of its members, is fulfilled so far as that minority are concerned in the audible use of the Lord's Prayer?

But as regards us, the majority, is there any conceding of religious doctrines, any covering over of religious differences in the audible use of the Lord's Prayer? None in its use—but to me, much in its use *only*.

Does the Lord's Prayer, only, express the essential beliefs of Christianity? No, it is just because it does not that we select it as the only prayer that can be said in common in this assembly. We say it, and say it audibly, that we make a profession of our common faith, notwithstanding all that divides us, in the Fatherhood of God. A glorious faith, and one that should draw us together more and more; but can we, as Christians, in making any profession of faith, be it in prayer or creed, even seem to minimize or ignore that further revelation which we believe to have been given us in Christ? And I hold that in this audible use of the Lord's Prayer, we do make it a profession of faith; that in stopping short at the Lord's Prayer, we do make what is for Christians a partial and inadequate profession; that in so doing, we do at least seem to concede the relative

importance of the doctrines not there professed. Not only so, but we pretend to a unity of faith which in reality does not exist, for although it is true, and we rejoice that it should be true, that we can all say together the first article of the Christian creed, yet surely this very belief is differentiated by our attitude with regard to the rest of that creed.

Does it not seem, then, that in thus emphasizing our unanimity in one article of faith, we do at least seem to minimize the importance of those distinctively Christian doctrines on which we are divided? Does it not seem that, inasmuch as this prayer is distinctively a *Christian's* prayer, just so far is its use a concession from those who do not call themselves Christians; that inasmuch as it is not distinctively a *Christian* prayer, just so far is its use as an expression and acknowledgment of faith a concession on the part of Christians?

Unity of creed is not ours. Let us not pretend to it. Let there be no covering over of differences, no assumption that these differences are unimportant; but let us realize that we are met together not to make a common profession of faith, not to aim at a seeming harmony by repressing as individuals our individual belief, but to work together in the service of God and of humanity.

But is all prayer impossible, or, if not impossible, unadvisable? Personally I think that to open our meetings with prayer is both possible and appropriate. I think that we need it as a sign and symbol of the high and serious purpose for which we are met together. I think that we need it to spiritualize our thoughts and counsels.

Can we, without compromise, join together in silent prayer?

There is surely no question amongst us as to the validity of silent prayer. "Prayer is the heart's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

Is the doubt then in any one's mind lest silent prayer be not a clear and definite acknowledgment of God before men? Is not the bowing of the knee, "the falling down before Him," the peculiar symbol of worship and adoration both in earth and heaven?

Is there a fear in any one's mind lest, as each one offers a separate petition, we may miss the blessing which is promised to those who agree together concerning what they shall ask? Surely, though our words may differ, the desire of each and all will be the same, that our work may be blessed and a blessing; but if any scruple still exist, may not two or three of us agree together as to what we shall ask?

So kneeling together let a great solemnity possess our hearts. We are in the presence of the Great Unknown. As the lower nature cannot know the higher, as the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, so is our knowledge of Him small and imperfect. We are as fools before Him. But while we realize that we only know in part, and that to no church, or people, or race, is it given to have a monopoly of truth, let us be true to such knowledge as is or seems to be ours. As we live by this truth, never compromising it, never so forcing it on others as to lead them to compromise, never shrinking as individuals from the full and frank avowal of the faith we hold, He who dwells in that light which no man can approach unto, will with such brightness lighten our dull hearts, will with such largesse expand the narrow compass of our minds, that He Himself can dwell therein.

ADDRESS SENT TO MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL
COUNCIL IN LONDON, ENGLAND,

1899

"ON AN EQUAL MORAL STANDARD."

Some years ago a well-known mission priest, of the order popularly known as that of the Cowley Fathers, preached a sermon in Montreal, which at one time became startling to his hearers. It was when he said, "I should almost enjoy throwing stones at the stained glass windows in this beautiful church of yours, for all the saints in them are women." Of those who heard him, some carried away the impression that the Father was a woman-hater, but to those whose minds followed him to the end his words bore another interpretation. They were the strong, almost fierce indictment of that double standard which would make religion, the communion of the soul with God, a feminine rather than a human attribute; a thing much to be desired, even necessary, in the woman, but hardly to be expected of the man.

To some of his hearers, the words with which the preacher prefaced his argument may have seemed a little exaggerated, a straining after effect, but to the more thoughtful there the principle for which he contended needed and justified all the emphasis which he could give; not because its enunciation was a new thing, but rather because it had been declared again and again by the world's teachers, but had not yet by the generality of men been received or understood. It was the principle of the one standard as opposed to a

dual morality; no "woman's theory" or doctrine peculiar to the pulpit, but one which those who have seen deepest into human nature, cynic as well as idealist, have defined to be the principle whereby the life of the individual and of society as a whole, shall find its fullest realization, be established, strengthened and saved. It is well that men should understand this, well that we women should remember that in the protest against a "dual morality" men, not women, have spoken first; that as women learn courage, and men purity, they are but fulfilling an ideal which has long been shaping itself in the hearts and minds of men. Now, at last, women, taking courage, have spoken. Now, at last, men and women together are lifting up the standard for themselves and for each other. Now, at last, with a hope that trembles to tears, they see the day of their redemption dawn, that day which shall come when, as Dr. Lyman Abbott said the other day, "the man takes his stand in the pillory by the woman, and the scarlet letter is seen on the breast of one as of the other, and both bear the ineffable shame, and each helps the other back to the ineffable glory."

Sometimes, it is true, this day seems very far off.

Our subject for to-day, "The Social Necessity for an Equal Moral Standard for Men and Women" (which we may construe into the social necessity for pureness, the pureness of either being impossible without the pureness of both), points us to a form of moral evil which is now, as it has been in the past, so deadly, widespread, and persistent, that to increase our knowledge of it is in very truth to increase our sorrow, a sorrow which with some has deepened to despair.

So that in very bitterness of spirit they have been ready to say with those who care not, "It is human nature, and what has been shall be even to the end." Are they right? Is this, or is pureness, the social necessity? Such is the question that is before us to-day.

In order that we may to some extent understand what this question involves, it seems necessary to touch, however briefly, on this evil in its inevitable consequences. To make any adequate presentment of these were of course impossible. To refer to them at all is a painful task. This is especially true of the evil in its physical consequences, of which two statements taken from the words of those who speak with authority must suffice.

The first from a series of able and well-known articles which appeared in the Westminster Review some thirty years ago, where the disease incident to this form of social evil is described as "an ineradicable poison," of all maladies the worst, exercising its fatal power silently and secretly, its effects being inconceivably extensive and deadly, precisely because of the insidiousness with which they are received."

More recently, a man of science (quoted by the late Archbishop Benson in a charge to his clergy) characterized it as "The plague spot which, in spite of all that science can do, still remains to fester, to kill, to maim, to disfigure, to sap the health of millions, of deserving and undeserving alike, the great curse of humanity, the foul stream meandering whithersoever it will through the world of life."

In the face of such facts as these we ask, "Is this, or is pureness, the social necessity?"

But widespread as is the physical deterioration consequent on this evil, still more far-reaching is its influence on

individual character and the mental and moral tone of social and national life. We need no other witness than that heart which answereth to heart to tell us of the moral shame, the peculiar sense of degradation and defilement which accompany this sin. We can understand how it, more than any other, despiritualizes the character, lowers the ideals, and uses up the power of the will. We see its extreme results in that class of unhappy women whom society knows as the unclassed. Written on the faces of these are such hard impassiveness, such bold effrontery, such callousness of despair, as divide us between a great compassion and a shuddering sense of the large social evil which the existence of this class must entail. For though they be outcasts, yet by innumerable ways are these, our disinherited sisters, brought into relation with us all. We are told by careful observers that as a matter of fact large numbers of them ultimately marry, bringing too often discord and misery, drunkenness and crime, into the home. Others drift into domestic service, and in our own nurseries spread the corruption. Thus by a thousand channels does the evil consequent on the existence of this class permeate society. To-day our sons are in the full health and vigour of an unblemished manhood; to-morrow they find themselves with diminished physical vitality, their powers of self-control immeasurably weakened, their reverence for womanhood and marriage hopelessly impaired. Nor do our daughters escape the influence, for, with a natural desire to please and to attract, they insensibly adjust themselves to a lowered ideal, and too often make their appeal to the baser rather than to the higher instincts of men.

But shall we dwell only on the harm wrought to others by

the existence of this outcast class? Must we not be torn by a great compassion for those who constitute that class, who are so much more sinned against than sinning, who are there by the very demand of that society which casts them out. As we think of these, almost we are moved to cry with James Hinton, "It were better that our daughters should die, than live and keep their purity at cost like this."

Again the question presents itself, "Must this price be paid? Is this, or is pureness, the social necessity?"

There is one answer, as we have said, which has been given not only by those whose gain and advantage it is to find an apology for this evil, but also at times by those who deplore it most; an answer which may be summed up in the words, "It is human nature, and what has been shall be even to the end." But, happily for our comfort, and for the destinies of men, the fallacies involved in this assertion are becoming ever more clear. "It is human nature." No; for the characteristic fact of human nature, that which makes it distinct from brute nature, is the power which the man has of self-direction, self-possession, self-mastery. This it is whereby man inherits and subdues all other nature. In such measure as he forfeits this power does he lose the most distinctive mark of his humanity, does he become less man. We are familiar with the term "lost womanhood," the term "lost manhood" is not usually seen outside those charlatan advertisements which deface our public press. Yet it is the one truth which they contain—"It is human nature." No, it is human nature false to itself, losing itself, yielding its humanness, and becoming merely natural.

Yes, Tess was right and Thomas Hardy was wrong—

there was a difference between her and the pheasants and the rabbits, and the ultimate truth and perfection of her nature were not to be read in theirs. It was the strange fallacy that made nature exclusive of human nature, the sole interpreter of the life and being of man, that moved Matthew Arnold to say, "Instead of saying that nature cares nothing about chastity, let us say that our nature, human nature, cares a great deal." And it was the tardy recognition that this was a fallacy that inspired Mrs. Fontenette, in George Cable's recent short story, "The Entomologist," to say, in her message to the dreamy professor, "Tell him I said it sounds very pretty to call ourselves and each other children of nature, but we have no right to be such—the word is, 'Be thou clean;' and unless we are masters of nature we can't do it."

But there are those who concede this who yet are hopeless that the commandment will ever be kept. "It has been broken to-day and yesterday," they say. "With the same human nature what ground have we for supposing that to-morrow it will be kept?" What ground? That very past which is quoted for our despair becomes, in the light of advancing knowledge, the ground and reason for our hope. For we learn that the story of the earth and man has from the beginning been one of continuous development; that through storm and stress, through travail and tears, man has grown from the mere creature of animal impulse into man as he is to-day; that with each step in the steep ascent his ideal has risen too, so that all humanity spoke through an apostle when he said, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those

things which are before, I press toward the mark." Thus by all the analogy of the past, and in our very dissatisfaction with the present, we find the confirmation of our hope that "All things still tend upward, progress is the law of life, man is not man as yet."

There is still another reason for hope. We find it in the altered attitude of women towards this problem. Do you remember Ibsen's answer to the question, "When shall men learn purity?" "When women understand their temptations, and learn to cherish a noble respect for their fight." And these words, contrary as they are to the generally received opinions of the past, represent the views of an ever-increasing number of the earnest and thoughtful to-day. A writer in a current magazine may still expatiate on "the invincible ignorance of purity," but men and women alike are ceasing to confound ignorance with innocence—are recognizing that such ignorance, real or assumed, is largely responsible for the wrong, and that our hope of pureness rests in that passionate pity of pure womanhood which will know the wrong that it may overcome it, which seeks that it may save. There is indeed, a knowledge other than this—a knowledge sought for its own sake, without reticence or sense of sacredness or shame. For such no condemnation can be too severe. But for those men or women, who, abhorring the evil, yet go down into its midst—who give up joy and ease and much that make life beautiful in order that, by tracing it to its source, they may, if possible, find a remedy—for such as these no meed of praise and gratitude can be too great. Let England count it as not the least of her titles to praise that in such examples of consecrated womanhood she

stands pre-eminent. It is not many, perhaps, that are called to lives like these, but to every woman, by virtue of her womanhood, it is given to exercise a special influence in this matter for good or ill. The woman who, secure in her own purity, averts her eyes from it, is no less responsible for the evil than that other woman whose very name it is a shame to speak. Nay, has it not been said that of these two it is easier for her, the dishonoured one, to pass into the Kingdom? That we are awaking to this at last is most of all significant of hope.

This awakening is evidenced in many ways, perhaps in none more than in woman's increased sense of responsibility for purity in those two spheres of influence which are peculiarly her own—the home and society. Let us, as women, pause here for a moment to note this change in thought and feeling, and to consider also, briefly but earnestly, our part and lot in the matter.

First, in the home. Forty years ago even the earnest and careful mother considered that her duty to her children in this matter was one of dissimulation and evasion. Now we begin to apprehend that it is one of simplicity and truth; that it is the mother's part to lead her children on gradually and naturally—as may be done, for instance, by the study of the flowers—to the apprehension of the one divine law that governs the transmission of life, and then, when the time comes for it, to give them such further guidance as is needful. In the light of advancing knowledge the earnest mother of to-day realizes that if she fail here there are others who will usurp her part, who will so enlighten her children that thereafter all their light on those most sacred facts of being shall be as darkness. And in

her brave acknowledgment of this hitherto unrealized responsibility we read again our hopes for pureness in the generations to come.

A few words also on the part of woman in "society," using the word here in its narrow sense, as signifying those who hold a special or exclusive place as leaders in the social world. Amongst such women to-day it is becoming more and more fashionable—and let us welcome the fashion—to take an interest in the deeper problems of social life. With some such women the interest in these questions is deep and vital; to these it is a haunting regret that, owing to the exigencies of society — the mint, and anise, and cummin of its observances—they seem able to do so little for their solution. The thought of their wronged and degraded sisters is as the shadow on their joy, so much the more so that they must stand apart, as those elect to ease and pleasure, while others go down into the dark places to uplift and save. It seems as if their part in influencing the world for purity were necessarily slight. They have been told, perhaps, that it is for them to correct public opinion by social ostracism of the man with a past; but though much may be done, must be done, for the sake of our sons and daughters, to discountenance corrupt men, discrimination of this sort is in many cases impossible, sometimes unfair. What, then, can these do for purity? To them and to society women in general, we would say; By virtue of that very social position which seems to hinder, you can do much, more, perhaps, than any other clique or class. For it is in your power to make goodness popular, to make goodness beautiful, as it is also in your power to make mere smartness, and slang, and a lack of

moral restraint the prevailing ideal. Your opportunity for beautiful dressing and fine living gives you at once a peculiar power to lead; make the most of it, not leaving these things undone, but seeing to it that in your own lives and in your estimate of individuals you put these things after, not before, the qualities of character, justice, and purity, and truth. And without priggishness, it were well for you to avoid even the appearance of evil—to believe old Thomas Fuller when he says that, "though the ship may have Castor and Pollux for its badge, and notwithstanding have St. Paul for the lading, yet the modesty and discretion of honest matrons were more to be commended if they kept greater distance from the attire of the dishonest." And, above all, remember that what we are is of greater moment than what we do, and so strive that in some measure those words of Dante's in praise of his most noble lady may be true of you—

"My lady carries love within her eyes;
 All that she looks on is made pleasanter;
 Upon her path men turn to gaze at her;
 He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,
 And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,
 And of his evil heart is then aware:
 Hate loves, and pride becomes a worshipper.
 O women, help to praise her in somewise!"

For the rest, love and expect pureness, be ready to see and know things as they really are, and help as you may to make them what they ought to be. So shall you who live in the sunshine of the world join your forces with all good men and women everywhere—with "the sages and the saints."

Amidst all the follies and corruptions of modern society, our best hope is in such as these—in that ever increasing number of women who, uniting wit with sincerity, culture with a broad humanity, lead where others shall follow, to the triumph of the pure.

Our hope is also in the growing co-operation of men and women in the work of social amelioration, but to the many ways in which this is now possible our time limit does not allow us to refer.

Let us, in closing, rehearse some of the reasons we have given for believing that pureness is the social necessity, and impureness an unnecessary wrong.

First, that pureness is in consonance with man's essential nature, and impureness a violation of it, as evidenced by his very perception of the difference between them—his dispeace in impureness, and his bitter experience of its disastrous consequences to his whole nature.

Secondly, the testimony of science and history, of philosophy and religion; for from science and history alike we learn that the story of man has from the beginning been one of slow upward progression, of gradual escape from the bonds of animal life, and evolution into manhood; and religion and philosophy, once divided, merge into one, as philosophy speaks of all our life as "a progress through the world, and through ourselves to the God from whom we come, in whom we are, to whom we tend," and religion, of man's coming to God as his coming to himself, and of a kingdom of God which, though it cometh not with observation, is yet being slowly built up within him.

Thirdly, the signs of the times, most of all, the signal change which this century has witnessed in the position and

opportunity of women, and, as resulting from this, their increased sense of responsibility and co-operation with men in matters which intimately concern their sex.

A last word: let us be of those who in this conflict are earnest and eager, steadfast and strong, because they know, as one day all men shall know, that pureness is the law of their being, in harmony with which alone they shall find peace with themselves, because they believe (to use the words of Matthew Arnold) that "mankind raised as a whole into harmony with the true and abiding law of man's being, called in one body to the peace of God," that, and that only, is "civilization."

ADDRESS ON READING AND THE NATIONAL HOME READING UNION.

After some years of quiet but persistent work on behalf of the N. H. R. U., its promoters have come to the conclusion that there is just one thing lacking to establish it as a national institution, and that is that its merits should be sufficiently known. It needs, in fact, advertisement.

Some of us have a dislike to advertisement. We prefer to work quietly on in the belief that, if our cause be a good one, it will in time commend itself as such, and become the more firmly established because it has won the popular suffrage on no other recommendation than its own intrinsic merits. But unfortunately experience does not ratify this assumption. Experience goes to prove that the advertisement which crowds the columns of our newspapers, fills a third of our magazines, stares at us from the

rocks and fences as we whiz by in the railway train, is a very necessary thing if we are to get and hold the public mind.

"What is Castoria?" I heard one little girl say to another in the seat behind me, as the familiar name stared at us for a moment from a whitewashed boulder. "Castoria!" said the other little girl. "Why, don't you know? You take it when you are sick, you take it when you have a cold, and you take it when you're dying." Yet even Castoria with these transcendent merits could not trust itself to be taken without the whitewashed advertisement.

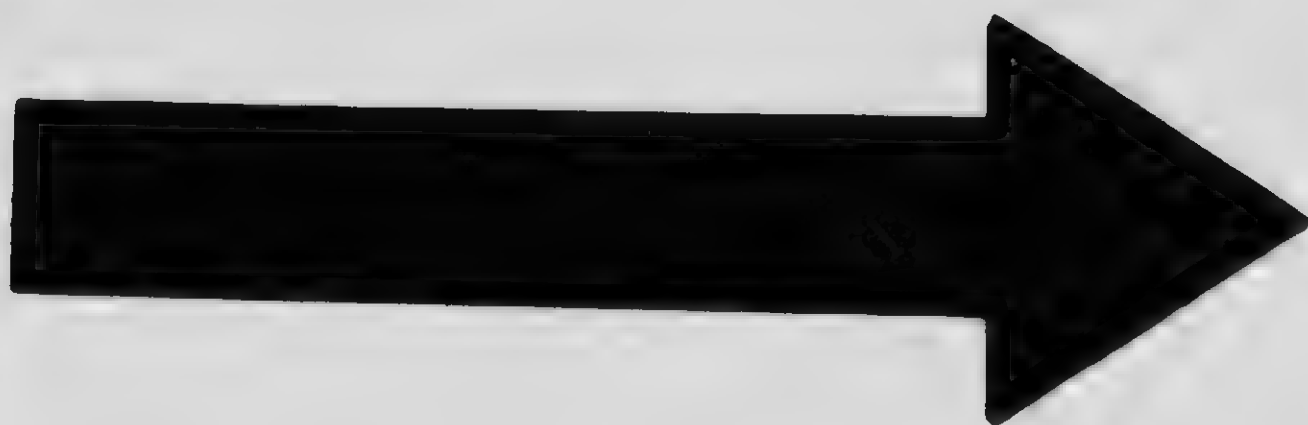
Yes, there can be no doubt that the public mind, your mind and mine, are so constituted that the advocates of any cause, however good and great, can only convince us of its goodness and greatness by keeping up an incessant running fire upon us. This is true even of our religion, why else the weekly sermon? So, as I have said, we have come to the conclusion that advertisement is the one thing lacking for the success of our National Home Reading Union. Its merits need to be told, and told not only by one book-lover to another, but proclaimed, as it were, from the house-top, so that if the letters N. H. R. U. should strike upon the eye from a whitewashed boulder, they should flash their meaning to the most heedless passer-by.

Now in England, where the N. H. R. U. originated, this necessity of constant advertisement has been recognized from the start.

Public meetings about it, addressed by such distinguished men and women as Mr. Arthur Balfour, Dr. Mandell Creighton, the Bishop of London, and Mrs. Fawcett, are regularly held there; the Lord Mayor of London holds

conferences for its members at the Mansion-House; there is a yearly summer assembly at some spot which best illustrates historically, geographically or otherwise the subjects of the year; co-operative holidays and cheap trips are arranged for members, and the Abbey-House, Whitby, has been leased as a permanent Holiday Home, where sixty members can be entertained at once, and where rambles, field-talks, and lectures, make their holidays a true and delightful recreation. These are only some of the propaganda employed there for the Union, and we are not surprised therefore that it enrolls its members by thousands—what may surprise us is that our Branch of the Union with none of these propaganda has already spread into many parts of Canada, and counts its members by hundreds. For this measure of success we are almost wholly indebted to our first National Secretary, Miss Skelton, to whom, being a true book-lover, it has indeed been a labor of love, but none the less one involving incessant and self-denying toil.

Here and there, too, there have been men and women who have taken a keen interest in its promotion. Prominent among these is the Rev. Herbert Symonds of Peterborough, whose efforts to extend the Union there have met with signal success—so much so that the Peterborough Reading Circles are a shining light to those of other and larger cities. Of such, too, is Mrs. Day, of Victoria, B.C., whose able address on the N. H. R. U. has been printed in pamphlet form by the Home Office. So much, indeed, do they think of it there, that I understand that copies of it were distributed to the Bishops at the Lambeth Conference!



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We fully recognize, however, that in our new country with its scattered population, its nascent wealth, its Klondykes, all its vast but hardly realized possibilities, there cannot be for a long time to come a large number of men and women of such comparative leisure that they can give of their time and thought to the furtherance of schemes, however admirable, that lie outside their immediate business or pursuit. For this reason we must be content to make our way comparatively slowly. For this reason, too, amongst others we feel that a Canadian H. R. U. affiliated with a parent society in Britain is to be preferred (at least for the present) to one deriving its whole support and guidance from Canadian sources. But apart from the saving of labour and money which this affiliation means to us, there is another reason for it, a sentimental reason if you will, but none the less a cogent one. The N. H. R. U. extends its branches not only through the British Empire, but also among English people in Egypt, Turkey, Japan, Germany, and France. It draws the readers, who are the thinkers, of the great English-speaking race together, and should be a real if an unobtrusive factor in so moulding and consolidating their thought as to make them not only a unity for power but a community for good.

Does it seem an extravagant thing to speak of reading in such terms? I think not. So earnestly do I believe that reading—good reading—should do something to convert the world, that, leaving Miss Skelton to tell us as she best can the special methods of the N. H. R. U., I would for a few minutes speak to you of reading in general.

It is my very earnest conviction that one of the greatest needs of the men and women of to-day is to read, and

this not so much because of the information to be derived from books, "useful information" being available from many other sources, as because the habit of reading does more than anything else to steady and compose the mind, and to save us body and soul from that devouring restlessness so characteristic of our time. We live in an age of extraordinary movement and activity, of material progress, of social change and amelioration, let us live with our time and be proud of it, but let us not be swept off our feet by the great impulsion. Let us possess our own souls. Let us recognize and guard against the special temptation of our time—"the temptation," as has been said "to impoverish life at its centre for the sake of its ever widening circumference."

To overcome this ever present temptation is no easy task for any of us—men or women. There are the ceaseless outer calls. Business claims most men from morning till the late afternoon, then there must be some time for physical exercise and for social intercourse and relaxation, and in the brief moments that are left they are too tired, they say, for anything but the desultory reading of the newspaper or the magazine article.

With women it is perhaps the very fact of their having no "business" so called that makes it difficult for them to rule their own lives. The common fallacy that they have nothing in particular to do, or that what they have to do is of little moment, perhaps accounts for the fact that their time is supposed to be at everybody's disposal, that interruptions are the order of their day, and any other order is made well nigh impossible. Even our telephone counts

us more steps up and down the stairs than the old-fashioned housekeeper ever took to market.

Well! all the more need that we should rule some time apart, that we should at least make it a rule always to have some book on hand that is worth reading, and to have it at hand that we may make use of it at odd times.

I have read of a man and wife whose only available time for books was when he was shaving in the morning, but in those five minutes they managed to read several standard works in a winter. Their example teaches us many things, perhaps not the least being how to counteract the acerbities of the razor and turn even shaving into delight.

There are few lives, however, in which it is not possible to give at least one half hour out of the twenty-four to steady reading, and it is not so much the amount of time we give, but how and what we read that makes for true culture.

John Wesley used to advise steady reading for five hours out of the twenty-four. Lord Chesterfield tells us that he rose early, however late he turned in, and got an hour before the common interruptions of the morning, but this is a stretch of virtue to which few of us can attain. Philip Gilbert Hamerton gives two hours daily as the minimum for those who would know "the calmer and profounder joys of the intellectual life." Those are to be envied whose lives make such joys possible, but we may remember for our comfort that the discipline of character, the training of the will, which after all are the chief end of reading, are greatest when the little time that can be given seems hardly worth while, but is still given faithfully.

Yes, let us bear in mind for our comfort and our admo-

nition, it is with most of us simply a matter of choice, whether we will or whether we will not. It is not that there is "no time." There is a delicious passage in one of Cowper's letters which is the best commentary that can be made on the common excuse that there is "no time." With your permission I will read it in full.

"Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass: their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical searches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration; and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats' milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off

all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough; I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the meantime the fire goes out and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow..”

How many of us complain of “no time” with still less to show for it than this old-time Methuselah! How many of us would have no more time if our days were twice their length. It rests with ourselves to say whether our lives shall be all hurry and surface work, or whether we shall so dispose them that they shall be amidst all life’s distractions true, and calm, and strong, and the secret of this calm is told in those old words of the Psalmist—it is to take time to “commune with our own hearts, and in our chamber, and be still,” and not only with our own hearts, but with the ever enlarging “choir invisible” of the sages and the saints.

We do not pretend that this will be easy. It is not easy to withdraw the mind from the thousand and one distrac-

tions that beset us; it is not easy to sit still when possessed by the very spirit of unrest; but we shall find it well worth while, and it would not be so hard even for the least systematic among us, if we were to take the help afforded by the courses planned by the National Home Reading Union, praying the while with Sir Thomas Lawrence—"Lord, it is not in me to be regular, but help me to be as regular as I can."

In closing, I would read you some words from a recent book by Professor James of Harvard: "We all intend when young to be all that may become a man, before the destroyer cuts us down. We wish and expect to enjoy poetry always, to grow more and more intelligent about pictures and music, to keep in touch with spiritual and religious ideas—and yet in how many middle-aged men and women is such an honest and sanguine expectation fulfilled? Surely in comparatively few; and the law of habit shows us why. We do not attack these things concretely, and we do not begin to-day. We forget that every good worth having must be paid for in strokes of daily effort. We postpone and postpone till those smiling possibilities are dead. Whereas ten minutes a day of poetry, of spiritual reading or meditation, and an hour or two a week at music, pictures, or philosophy, provided we began *now* and suffered no remission, would infallibly give us in due time the fulness of all we desire. By neglecting the necessary concrete labour, by sparing ourselves the little daily tax, we are positively digging the grave of our higher possibilities." The truth of these words needs no urging. It strikes home to us all. There are many yesterdays behind us, but it is still possible to begin to-day.

ADDRESS ON PURITY OF SPEECH AND ACCENT.

The Resolution on purity of speech and accent proposed by the Montreal Local Council says what it has to say in one sentence of many clauses, and for the sake of clearness it may be best to consider these clauses one by one.

1st. THAT IN THE BELIEF OF THE N. C. W. C. "THE MAINTENANCE OF A HIGH STANDARD OF PURITY IN SPEECH AND ACCENT IS AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE DEVELOPMENT AND CLASSIFICATION OF NATIONS."

It is possible that the belief expressed in this opening clause may seem to some to verge upon absurdity and to reflect small credit on the intellect of the Council, but I think we shall not find it difficult to establish its sanity if we consider the matter to which it refers from two stand-points: first, as it concerns the individual, and then in its relation to that aggregation of individuals—the nation.

Let us read "that purity of speech and accent is an important factor in the development and classification of the individual," and the truth of it, at least as regards the "classification," comes home to us at once. We do not need to read in the dictionary that "accent is a peculiar modulation of the voice, or manner of pronunciation characteristic of a distinct nationality or of a *particular rank in society*." With or without any knowledge of its dictionary meanings we all "place" people, or, in any case, gauge their social fitness, by such outward and audible signs as the *h* of their voices, and their use—or abuse—of the vowels and consonants. We are willing to concede

that the inward and spiritual grace may exist without the outward and visible sign, but in ordinary intercourse our estimate of each other must depend on the testimony of our eyes and ears, and a harsh unmodulated voice, slovenly speech, and crudity of accent, though they may not mark the speaker as coarse, will always, justly or not, stamp him as common. If we are thus influenced in classifying other people, we need not be surprised if other people—other nations—so classify us. All England was ringing last summer with praises of the Canadians, of the pluck and hardiness and ready resource which "our boys" had shown in the war. But the remark was made by a not too captious Englishman who had come in contact with several of our young men, and had missed in them the gentleness of speech and manner which in England would characterize the same class, that young Canada certainly needed all the virtues that were predicated of it. It was not altogether a flattering remark, but it was true. It is not in the weightier matters of the law that young Canada falls short—it is only for the mint, and anise, and cummin, that it has a lordly contempt, but "these should ye have done and not to leave the others undone;" and this is certain, that our standing with other nations depends to a very large extent on such superficial things as these.

But our statement goes further and says, that purity of speech and accent are a factor in the *development* of the people. This makes them more than superficial; it implies that they act and react on character and disposition, and which of us can doubt that has ever thought about it, that the outer man has its influence upon the inner, that attitude and voice and dress all tell upon the inward man?

Which of us can doubt that His Majesty the King has a larger and more restraining sense of dignity when arrayed in his regal robes, than when in the privacy of his chamber, divested of them, he appears like the rest of us, "a forked radish with head fantastically carved?" Which of us does not know how the sense of anger grows with the uplifted voice, the uplifted hand? We need to realize this much more than we do, both for our admonition and our comfort, the effect of the outward on the inward; how much action and attitude, and expression and mode of speech, or what we *seem*, go to make us what we *are*.

To illustrate this:—A leading professor of psychology, Mr. William James, of Harvard, tells us that the sovereign path to cheerfulness if we feel gloomy is to sit up straight, to look around cheerfully, and to act and speak as if we *were* cheerful; that in order to *feel* kindly to somebody we dislike, the only way is deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic enquiries, and to *force* ourselves to say genial things; that if such outward seeming (accompanied of course by an honest intention) does not make us cheerful or friendly, then nothing else can; and, what is still more to our point, he goes on to say, that one reason why Americans break down so frequently and wear out so fast is, that they have got into a way of talking so high, so loud, and with so much emphasis. To speak like that is enough to make one tired all the time, whereas a low well-modulated voice rests both speaker and listener.

If we agree with Professor James, as I think we are all ready to do, at least as regards our cousins over the border, then we are practically agreed that voice and accent are an important factor, not only in the classification, but

also in the development, the character-forming, of nations.

So we pass to the next clause, that

"IN CANADA THE VALUE OF A CORRECT USE OF THE MOTHER TONGUE IS NOT SUFFICIENTLY RECOGNIZED."

I think we need not pause long over this, we are ready to grant that our Canadian English is not a thing of beauty, that it has not even the useful qualities of clearness and precision, or that when it does not shuffle, it goes heavily, with such undue pressure on its consonants, such flat-footedness on its vowels, as to make us doubt sometimes whether we would rather have it jumbled or clear. The only question with us is, "Is there a remedy?" Many will say there is none, but this is probably an unthinking view. Some of the reasons why we speak badly are obvious, and, being obvious, are the more easy of attack. First, the rising generation seem to think that because bad English is becoming a distinctive mark of the Canadian people, therefore, all loyal Canadians are bound as such to speak bad English. The first thing to be done is to rid them of this idea. It would, indeed, be a great advance for us all as individuals and families and nations, if we could get rid of our extraordinary pride in our distinctive *faults* and learn to be ourselves *without* them. That we should be ourselves is indeed a laudable endeavour. That Canadians should ever try to seem or be anything else than Canadians is as foolish as futile. Even to ask for a little "lamb" at table (as I have known one of this kind to do) is not sufficient to conceal their identity. But that English-speaking Canadians should have so little pride in their mother tongue as to pride themselves on their

abuse of it, is the most remarkable perversity of all, and to bring them to a right mind on this matter is the first step and a very long step to the end we have in view.

As another remedy our Resolution goes on to suggest to Local Councils that

"IN THE TRAINING OF THE YOUNG MORE ATTENTION BE GIVEN TO THE MODULATION OF THE VOICE AND TO THE ENUNCIATION OF ENGLISH,"

a suggestion that is given a more specific and more limited application by the amendment from Kingston. Our Montreal Resolution takes for granted that Local Councils, acting on this suggestion, will commend the matter to the serious consideration of School Boards and of Boards of Education generally, and it seems to us best that the Resolution be left in its broader and more inclusive form. But at the same time we would emphasize the need on which Kingston lays stress, that we should begin at the beginning and provide tuition in pure English in our Normal Schools; that when our School Boards choose their teachers, they should judge of their fitness by manner and voice and accent, as well as by book-knowledge. There can hardly be a question that at present they give too little consideration to these qualifications. It is true that many of the girls who train as teachers come in from the country, and, necessarily, speak with an accent which is more or less local or provincial. But why hold that in every other language a good accent may with pains, and only with pains, be acquired, but that in our own to cultivate it is either an affectation or to attempt the impossible? It is not pretended that perfection is attainable, or that

sameness is even desirable; but what is proposed there might be if only every class were made to repeat the alphabet and the simple syllabic sounds daily, giving to each letter and syllable its true sound and value. I believe that in this way half the difficulty would be overcome. The difficulty lies indeed in our want of thought about it, or want of care, or in that very young or mistaken pride which will acknowledge no imperfection, or which, if it acknowledge it, rather glories in it as distinctive, or if it cannot exactly claim it as a distinction, plumes itself on other qualities in which it can rise superior. We are very ready to accuse the Americans as a people of this young and touchy pride, but in this matter at least they have outgrown us, for in New York they have formed a society for the improvement of the national vocalization, which through the newspapers and in other ways (I speak in quotations) is "stirring up dissatisfaction with the awful thing that it is."

But one question remains. Supposing that correct pronunciation is, to an appreciable extent, teachable, where are its teachers? The answer is implied in the last clause of our Resolution, which asks that

"A DEFINITE STANDARD OF ENGLISH BE RECOGNIZED, APPROXIMATING, AS IS THE RULE FOR ALL LANGUAGES, TO THE BEST USAGE IN THE COUNTRY WHENCE IT IS DERIVED."

"The best usage in the country whence it is derived"—this in Canada is the standard for every language except English. Perhaps we are misled by the fact that many of us have Scotch or Irish parentage into the belief that for us there can be no uniform standard, but this is a con-

fusion of thought, for there is but one English language, which in Scotland has superseded the native Gaelic, and in Ireland, Celtic, and in both these countries the best English is recognized as that which approximates with fewest peculiarities to the best usage in the country whence it is derived. As then we look for our best teachers of French to France, so it may be necessary for some time, till a bad habit of speech has been overcome, to seek our teachers of English as it should be spoken from the Old Country. Fortunately, or unfortunately, they will not be hard to find even at the inadequate salaries which now obtain in our schools. This refers only, of course, to special branches of learning, such as reading and elocution, and is no reflection on our Canadian teachers, of whom, indeed, as a class we have good cause to be proud.

A word as to the last clause of our Resolution, which was added at the request of French members of the Montreal Council—that

"THIS RECOMMENDATION BE UNDERSTOOD TO REFER ALSO TO THE USE OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE BY CANADIANS OF FRENCH DESCENT."

The French Canadians are already keen to speak their language in its purity. They realize that French Canadians in Paris are looked on because of their tongue as "*gens de peu de tenue*," and that the French people are disagreeably affected by the "*accrocs*" which the French Canadians make to the "*belle langue*" which is common to them, and more than that, they prize their beautiful language for itself, and in order that their children may express its beauty in their speech, many French Canadians now make a practice of engaging English nurses, so that

their children may hear nothing but cultivated French. For with them to speak English is a matter of convenience, but to speak their mother tongue as it should be spoken is a duty which they owe to it, and a matter of national pride, which is a comment on the pains which we give to our French accent and the little pains we bestow on our mother tongue.

Let me close like the preachers with a personal application, which I will make in the words of a lay sermon by Professor James. Speaking of "American tricks" of vocalization or intonation and of national manners, he says:

"They are *bad habits*, nothing more or less, bred of custom and example, born of the imitation of bad models and the cultivation of false personal ideals. How do local peculiarities of phrase and accent come about? Through an accidental example set by some one which struck the ears of others, and was quoted and copied till at last every one in the locality chimed in. We here in America, through following a succession of pattern setters whom it is now impossible to trace, have at last settled down collectively into what for better or worse is our own national type—a type with which, so far as the habits go, the climate and conditions have practically nothing to do. And where does the remedy lie? It lies, of course, where lay the origin of the disease—the fashion and taste must be changed. We must change ourselves from a nation that admires jerk and snap for their own sakes, and looks down on low voices and quiet ways as dull, to one that, on the contrary, has calm for its ideal, and for their own sakes loves harmony, dignity, and ease. Some of us are in more favourable positions than others to set new fashions. Some

of us are much more striking personally and imitable, so to speak. But there is no human being whose example does not work contagiously with somebody. And if you should individually achieve calmness and harmony in your own person, you may depend on it that a wave of imitation will spread from you as surely as the circles spread outward when a stone is dropped into a lake."

ADDRESS TO THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

When I was asked to say a few words to you this evening I was told that this order of the King's Daughters had a twofold object in view: 1st, to deepen the spiritual life; 2ndly, to stimulate Christian activity; and the request was that I should speak in reference to its second aim, to its work rather than its workers. If the few thoughts which I would leave with you to-night, and which I offer with a very real sense of my own inadequacy to treat of this great theme—if these few thoughts bear sometimes on the work and sometimes on the preparation for that work; if they go from activity to rest, and can hardly touch upon the ministry of the outward life without reverting to that inward life which is its source and inspiration, you will acknowledge that I do but follow your example, who, in your twofold aim, distinguish, but would not separate, these aspects of the Christian life. And if in following out these thoughts, they sometimes seem to go far from our immediate subject—for thoughts, as we know, suggest and follow one another in ways that are least expected—



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yet I trust that you will find that they are all related to one another and still revolve around one central thought of Christian activity:—

1st. To deepen the spiritual life. 2ndly. To stimulate Christian activity.

It seems to me that the King's Daughters could hardly have pledged themselves to a more comprehensive sphere of work and influence, or one more in consonance with their beautiful name, than this twofold aim implies.

It is like Florence Nightingale's definition of the Christian life; "To realize the Kingdom of God within, and then to help to make it without." This surely is to embrace the whole duty of man. This is an aim to which no bounds are set by any specific cause, however great, but which is wide as humanity, far-reaching as the love of God. And yet, as Daughters of the King, you have acknowledged no less an obligation is laid upon you.

To realize the Kingdom of God within, and then to help to make it without. I am glad that you, too, have put the first part first, that you place the deepening of the spiritual life before the Christian activity! For everything in the work should come from the life. Water cannot rise above its source. We cannot impart what we have not first received. We can only comfort others with the comfort wherewith we have been comforted; we can only impart wisdom which we have first sought for ourselves; we can only kindle the fire of love in other hearts when the living coal has touched our own.

And then your twofold aim reminds us that action is not the whole of service, that there are two aspects or conditions of service; that in your life and mine, as in the

larger life of the peoples, there must be stillness and pause as well as movement and activity—yes, that the measure of our advancement depends on the just and even balance of these two conditions.

Now as in every age one of these tendencies is apt to outrun the other, and because of the danger which our time presents that its activities will, by their restlessness and over-strain, miss the high mark of that progress which they seek, I would speak to you first of that *restfulness* which should be, and yet so often is not, one of the distinguishing marks of CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY—should be, and yet is not, for the spirit of our time leaves none of us untouched, and we have ample evidence in ourselves that it is a spirit of unrest. In little ways and great is this borne in upon us, in our restlessness of mind and manner, in the effort which it costs us to listen without interrupting, to sit or stand perfectly motionless, to rest for one hour from thoughts of the next; and in greater tokens than these, in the divine discontent that will not let us leave things as they are, but compels us to unceasing effort to better them; in that striving after perfection which is surely only the life yearning to its source, the outcome of a divine unrest which amidst all the unbelief and materialism of our day is stirring the souls of men as perhaps never before. Yes, in little things and great we see this characteristic of our time; it is indeed the quality that makes it great, marking it by a splendid philanthropy, by great discoveries, by many inventions.

Yet, while we pride ourselves upon this rapidity of movement and progress so characteristic of our day, we are apt to find fault with it as it affects ourselves. We

say that our lives are rushed from morning till night. Sometimes in moments of despair we wish that electricity had never been heard of, or had never found its application in the street car and the telephone. For even these so-called labour-saving appliances do but increase and multiply our cares. My sisters, let us acknowledge that the fault is largely in ourselves, in our lack of self-government, in that we let our restive steed run away with us instead of subduing it to our will. We may, if we will, so utilize this spirit of the age and its many inventions as to bring order and rest into our lives as well as intensity and breadth. But we must exercise our will—we must realize that mere movement is not action, that there is indeed a very objectless activity and a busy idleness. The women whose lives are full of social calls and distractions, and the women whose views of service are widest—all of us need to ask ourselves this question, "How much of our work is self-imposed, and how much of it is the work prepared for us to do? How much of it has the worth and dignity of service, and how much of it is mere hurry and surface-work, a restless activity that does much but effects little?" And the solution for these questions, and the remedy for this unrest, and the deepening of that spiritual life which is the source and measure of all true service, must be sought and found in *quiet hours*. Quiet hours! Oh! how I wish that we could fully realize our need, mental, bodily, and spiritual, of quiet hours. Quiet hours! How attractive a thought to many of us, and yet how visionary! And yet I believe that most of us have only to realize them as a "must" in order to secure them. Circumstances must often make it difficult; the disinclination to which many of us must confess for regular-

ity and for keeping a rule when it involves leaving what we may be doing at the moment, will make it more difficult still. It will need a daily exercise of the will, but it is possible and it is worth our while

Worth our while, were it only to recover that quiet grace of manner which used to be considered one of the distinctive charms of womanhood. For we cannot lose a single womanly charm without at the same time impairing our influence.

Worth our while, that we may have the inward grace of a quiet mind, a grace which we pray for and covet, and when we see it, recognize as a blessing to all who come within its influence, but which we are too apt to attribute to temperament or circumstance, not realizing that it is a grace within the reach of all, to be sought for in quiet hours, and exercised and strengthened, not dispelled, by the distractions and activities of life.

But in order to get our quiet hours we *must* make some rules for ourselves, and in keeping them we must emulate that wisdom which "orders all things sweetly and strongly." We must not be unamiable if our plans are sometimes interfered with, but must rather feel that the very interruption is a "means of grace," an opportunity to cultivate the serenity we seek. But, on the other hand, we must not be weakly amiable, we must not throw away our plan because well-disposed friends and anxious relatives do their best to prevent such fancies from taking effect. By and by they will come to recognize it as our quiet time, and they will find all the more help and comfort in us because we have had it.

And now a word as to the uses to which we should apply

this quiet time. Some of us may need part of it for physical rest, that we may just lie down, and close our eyes, and shut out sight and sound for a little while. I am sure that this little interval of rest would do much to save some of us from irritable tempers, and to help us to be fresh and bright and readily responsive to the many calls that are made upon us through all the working day. This use is not a selfish one, for it has been truly said, "It is a physical impossibility that we should be saintly if we are wilfully over-strained"—a truth which our old Teutonic forefathers realized when they made one word "Heilig" stand for holy and healthy.

And then we have to remember the claims of the *mind* and the duty of self-culture in order to service. It has been remarked that the first and greatest commandment tells us that we should love the Lord our God not only with all our soul but with all our mind, and I cannot doubt that the neglect of the mind in many religious people greatly hinders their influence for good. Yes, the duty is laid upon every one of us, as far as our individual opportunities and capacity will allow, to grow not only in spiritual grace but in mental fitness for that high service to which as Daughters of the King we have pledged all that we are, and all that we hope to be.

We must learn to read, and to read steadily and systematically. And here, if anywhere, is there need of RULES, rules that may be irksome at first but which will in time establish a custom, and which in their very observance will do much to give strength and serenity to the character. As I have said before, our innate restlessness is even a greater

hindrance to most of us than are the innumerable calls and distractions of our every-day life. We have need to pray with Sir Henry Lawrence, "Lord, it is not in me to be regular, but let me be as regular as I can." Many of us find it easier to keep rules that are made for us than those we make for ourselves, and especially in reading it is better for us to adopt a plan than to trust entirely to our own judgment.

For such a plan I would refer you to our "National Home Reading Union," of which Miss Skelton, 183 Mansfield street, is National Secretary, and which, as some of you know, offers this special advantage, that it provides for the intellectual needs of all of us—not only for the highly educated, but also for the working man and working girl who may have had little opportunity for self-culture. I make this suggestion because it is such a help to us, in this matter, to be definite. O! let us realize how much one quiet half hour of steady reading daily may do to train our minds for our work, just as the quiet moments spent in devotion at morning and evening fit and prepare our hearts. I need hardly do more than allude to that other use of the quiet hour. We know that there is a spiritual communion which can attune our hearts to peace and make all our hours, even the busiest, to be in the deepest sense of the word "quiet hours." Here also is there need to set a time apart, here also is there need of system. Let the time be short or long, its value lies not in its length but in its faithful observance. And if we are sometimes robbed of it, let us not be conscience-burdened; but if we seldom or never get it, let us lay the fault at our own door, and let us see to it, lest while we seem to do God's work, our lives grow out of touch with that divine life which is the only source of Christian activity.

To dwell briefly on another thought suggested by the second part of your twofold aim, "To stimulate Christian activity." I am glad that you use the words Christian activity rather than Christian work. I do not like the latter term, for it seems to me to put a difference in our work, to lend some countenance to that old Manichæan doctrine that would make a division in our life and in God's world—a belief so opposed to that glorious Pauline doctrine of a God "in whom we live and move and have our being, of whom, and through whom, and to whom, are all things"—all things, week days and Sundays, toil and recreation, the work we are privileged to do expressly for His glory, and the work whereby we earn our daily bread.

Some time ago a woman who might have filled a useful place as kitchen-maid declined to come to me because she wanted "CHRISTIAN WORK." She did not see that all helpful work, whatever its kind or degree, is essentially religious; that the very fact that our work has its place and value in the social economy constitutes it industrial work if you will, secular work if you will, but also in the deepest sense of the word religious work, because it is helping to carry out God's plan for the world. What a difference it would make in our social, our commercial, our political life, did men but clearly understand that life in all its departments is "of God;" that everyone who contributes to the order and progress of the world, be it in labour, commerce, literature, art, is helping to realize His Kingdom upon earth and is rendering a service essentially divine. Surely the very object of Christianity is to make men conscious of this: "Earth's crammed with Heaven, and every common bush afire with God, but only he who sees

takes off his shoes." Nor shall we have learnt Christ till we have put behind us not only a divided standard but a divided life.

Forgive me if I dwell too long upon this thought, but I believe that this idea of the separateness of things, things secular and things religious, has been and is one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of true religion in the world. I believe that until we recognize man as one and life as one, and the service of men under all its aspects as the service of God, both Christ's cause and the cause of humanity will suffer loss, and there will be discord in our lives and in the world. It is because men do not realize this, because they do not recognize the religious character of all helpful work, whether it be the industrial enterprise of the capitalist, the work of the missionary or teacher, the daily toil of the servant, or the work of the labouring man, because they do not see that the progress of God's Kingdom, so far as we are concerned, means all true progress of the world in which we live, that there are so many strange contradictions in our life; that even the religious man is content to observe a code in business which is not the code of Christ, or to make his money in an industry which is harmful—not helpful—to mankind.

And I believe that nothing would so transform our daily lives, making the most humble life beautiful and transfiguring all the cares and joys of the common day, than this thought fully realized, that "all things are of God."

Most of us miss half the joy of life by failing to grasp it. We sigh and sigh again for the secret of a consecrated life. And it is all so much simpler than we think. It is not that we may live all our life "as if for God," hallowing its com-

mon things by a sort of make-believe, which is the highest conception to which many of us attain. It is just to know that of Him and through Him and to Him are all things, and in the joy of this knowledge to live our lives for Him. Oh! let this thought sink deep down into our hearts, that so we may tell it forth to the world, "Earth's crammed with Heaven and every common bush afire with God." For when the world sees, then shall it bow down before the mystic fire, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

It may seem as if these thoughts, though suggested by our subject, have in reality led us away from it, and yet I think not—for as in our first thought we have the secret of restfulness, so in our second we have the secret of joy in Christian activity.

Of the special needs which call to-day for the active ministry of the Christ-life I have not spoken, nor left myself much time to speak—for time would fail to tell of those needs, were I to speak generally, and to indicate any particular line of action to you were better left to those who have a more intimate knowledge of the work already being done so effectually by the King's Daughters.

Great indeed is the need for Christian effort to-day. You remember how Victor Hugo, in his preface to "*Les Misérables*," wrote of the three great problems of our age as "the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night." Eighteen hundred years have gone by since the Christ came, yet sometimes, as we feel the burden of these things, we could echo the cry, "Christ is come, but when cometh salvation?"

Yet, on the other hand, there is so much to bid us hope, to strengthen us in the confidence by which alone we live and work, that "God lives and God is love."

Since the great French novelist wrote those words there has been a marvellous awakening, and much has been done towards a solution of these problems.

Endless are the needs and sorrows of men to-day, but endless also are the charities which flow out to meet them. So numerous indeed are these charities become, so varied must they be in order to cover the innumerable forms of human misery, that the need has arisen to organize charity. This is a need which I believe has made itself increasingly felt of late among the King's Daughters, and naturally so, for your ministries are not limited to any one special form of sorrow or sin, but you hold yourselves ready to help and comfort and save whenever and wherever the opportunity is given.

And so as your work becomes wider and more diversified and your order grows in numerical strength, it becomes necessary both for the work's sake and for the unity of your order that you should have some centre of inter-communication so that each may know what others are doing, and the work of one may not overlap the work of another. I have heard that to this end you are thinking of adopting some of the methods of charity organization which have been so successfully practised for years past in other cities. I hope that you may be able to accomplish this—may I go further and say that I wish we could all work together to establish a Charity Organization Society which should include all charitable agencies in our city.

For lack of such organization there is much confusion amongst our charities. For lack of such co-operation we lose greatly in force and efficiency—we waste time and labour and money—and contribute largely, by our ignorant and indiscriminate charity, to the untold evils of pauperism. Such a society as is contemplated would not, as you are aware, be an additional relief-giving or charitable society; its object would be to direct relief to the proper sources, to prevent imposture, and to lessen the labours of existing charitable agencies by giving to each a knowledge of what the others are doing. The Local Council of Women from the time of its inauguration has earnestly desired to aid in systematizing our city charities. The financial support of such a scheme as is proposed would not be serious, but the condition essential to its successful operation is the active sympathy and co-operation of a large number of persons as friendly visitors, whose office it would be to keep in touch individually with a certain number of families, assigned to them by the society. The help of the King's Daughters would be simply invaluable.

And here I cannot but say that the Local Branch of the Women's Council wants just such an added influence and power as might be given to it by the affiliation of the Local Branch of the King's Daughters.

I think that all societies that join the Council, especially perhaps such an order as the King's Daughters, are rightly concerned to know its aim and purport and the attitude which it assumes towards religion. And because of its breadth of scope, and also (I am afraid we must own) because many of those who first joined it were unable for a while to

give a very clear answer to all questions, having only felt that they were in sympathy with the movement but not yet having grasped its full significance, some misapprehension arose as to what were the principles by which it was governed. And some thought that the Council, like the Laodiceans, had adopted an indifferent or negative attitude towards religion, "thinking to accommodate points of religion by middle ways." But I think it is now beginning to be generally understood that the fundamental principle of the Council is, that there shall be for it in matters of religion no compromise, no accommodation of points of difference by a middle course, no general confession of faith which would simulate a unanimity which does not exist, or by emphasizing our points of agreement even seem to concede the relative unimportance of the tremendous doctrines on which we are divided. But while holding fast, even at the cost of sometimes being misunderstood by those whose opinion they value most, to its first principle of "no compromise, no middle course," in matters of religious confession and belief, those who conceived and framed the constitution of the Council believe that they are following the footsteps of their Divine Master when they send out a call to all women who hate sin and wrong, all who desire, while as yet they may but dimly conceive it, the realization of God's Kingdom, in order that they may go out together, a united host, wherever co-operation is possible, to minister to the needs and sorrows of a suffering world. Did not our Lord, even while He proclaimed to the Samaritans the ignorance and assumption of their religious belief, "Ye worship ye know not what—we know what we worship, for Salvation is of the

Jews," accept their services, minister to their needs, and make the Samaritan the ministrant of mercy to the Jew? This is the Christ-teaching and the Christ-spirit, by whose teaching and in whose spirit alone shall our Women's Council be guided and ruled.

And as our Lord took every opportunity to tell the Samaritans of a brighter hope and a fuller faith than theirs, so do those who are called by His name tell of His love to those who know it not, as hand in hand they go out to loose those physical burdens of sickness and suffering and want which may be truly said to afflict the souls of men.

Yes, in the Council every individual and every society are given free and full liberty to declare their beliefs, and the light of our glorious faith is not hid under a bushel but shines forth clear and unmistakable before all. Will not the King's Daughters come and tell about their King?

My sisters, in founding your order you have recognized what the Women's Council also holds with intenseness. Conviction, that the two conditions of successful work are:

1st. Co-operation.

2ndly. The energy of a spiritual hope.

All who have given the question any consideration feel the force of Mr. Booth's assertion, that merely to deal, no matter how wisely, with single cases of disease or crime as they arise is infinitely insufficient. So terrible, so appalling, are the poverty, the degradation, the misery, under which millions of our fellow beings are crushed to-day, that only the accumulated force, the combined effort, of the many can hope to cope with them. Organization, co-operation on the largest scale that is possible—that is one need.

But the second condition is no less essential—the energy of a spiritual hope. What were all our efforts worth without that? What heart had we to meet those terrible riders, Sin, and Sorrow, and Death, that with their sweeping scythes mow down the lives of men, were it not for the courage that is born of the Christian hope? Dark, indeed, were men's destinies without that hope. With it our weakness is turned to strength—with it we turn to flight those armies of the aliens—with it, looking upwards through the night we discern the day-star, harbinger of morning and promise of the day, and patience holds our hearts till fulfilment come, till the day break over hill and plain and the shadows and phantoms of the night shall be scattered forever.

“If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.”

We have spoken to-night of the gladness of the Christ-life, of restfulness and joy—now at the last is it of patience in Christian activity? Yes; for though at times unquietness fills our hearts, and peace comes not, and joy is but a name, yet shall all be well, my sisters, if in *patience* we possess our souls. Yes, I would wish for you the restfulness and joy of the Christ-life, but, more than all, patience in Christian activity, until the time of patient waiting shall be past, because He for whom you have waited is come, and the King's Daughters shall be brought unto the King.

ADDRESS TO THE WORKING-MEN OF THE "SUNDAY
AFTERNOON SOCIETY," POINT ST. CHARLES.

When your President, Mr. Darlington, did me the honour to ask me to speak at one of your meetings, he was so good as to say that you would be pleased to hear me speak on any subject, but he suggested at the same time, that I might perhaps tell you of some of the matters that are of chief interest to our Women's Council. And I am going to act on Mr. Darlington's suggestion for two reasons. First, because I am one of the busy people with little time to look up special subjects; and, secondly, because it seems to me that the women's movement and the working-men's movement have so much in common that it cannot but help us both to come into closer touch with one another, to take counsel together as to the difficulties that beset us, the problems that confront us, and the high hopes on which our hearts are set.

For these two movements, which may, I think, be called the most momentous of our century, originated about the same time, and are still pursuing their course together, and to the working-men and the women patience has come through disappointment, wisdom through their mistakes, and hope and aspiration through what they have attained, as they reach out together to a larger, fuller, and more intelligent life. And I think, as I tell you something of our Women's Council, we may find that our difficulties have been somewhat similar, and that our hopes and aspirations have been and are one and the same.

First, as to our difficulties—well, perhaps the greatest

difficulty we have had to contend with is prejudice, and the opposition that comes through a misunderstanding of our aims. Prejudice, too, of the masculine mind, for men seem always to have had an undue dread of the strong-minded woman. There is a dim tradition of a time before the dawn of civilization when woman had the upper hand, and 'tis said she took full advantage of the situation. Perhaps it is the haunting memory of that time, or perhaps it is that the women whose interests are largest and most unselfish are apt sometimes to disregard their personal appearance, and to wear unnecessarily ugly gowns and bonnets, and so our men, who, in spite of all their grumblings about bills and bonnets, like to see their woman-kind adorned, have given us pretty plainly to understand that we are not going to gain anything in their regard by joining the ranks of the strong-minded women.

And then just as in some people's minds working-men's unions are always associated with dynamite and other things of a destructive and explosive nature, so there are many people who regard all women's organizations with suspicion as tending to subvert the general order and to turn the whole world upside down—with the woman on top.

This suspicion is sometimes grave indeed, as when no less a man than Mr. Goldwin Smith shook his head to me over the "Women's Council," and feared the tendency of all such movements was to teach women to regard marriage as a sort of co-partnership to be dissolved at pleasure. Now for the comfort of all who fear, lest as her life grows in breadth and fullness the woman will be less womanly and for the counsel of those who, with this fear in mind, would advocate a system of repression, I have brought

with me to-day an old work-box that it might tell you its story. It was found not long ago under the sand of centuries on the banks of the River Nile, and the name on the lid leads us to believe that it belonged to the great Queen Hatasu, who lived and reigned in Egypt some four thousand years ago. So great was she that the kings who came after her, jealous of her fame, and fearful lest the women might presume, caused the workmen to hammer and deface her name wherever it occurred, in those otherwise all but imperishable records of her reign which were cut in letters of stone on the walls of her Temple; and in the chronicles of ancient Egypt they wrote of *her* as *he*. But manlike they overlooked just one little tablet, and this is our key to the rest, and so the world knows that here is the Temple of the great Queen Hatasu, who is thought by some to have been that princess who found Moses crying in his cradle as she and her maids went bathing in the Nile. And this is supposed to have been her work-box. And it seems to me to point a two-fold lesson: first, that repression can do little, for the woman at last will make her voice to be heard though it be silenced by the sand of centuries; and, secondly, that whatever else she may be, she will be a woman still—yes, she will still mend the shirts and sew the buttons on, though her hand be stretched out to make and mend in other ways than these.

But perhaps our Women's Council is peculiarly open to such surmises, because you see it is not a one-idea but a many-idea reform society, and so it can't tell just in a word all that is intended by it.

And so people kept asking, "What is it for?" And then

they answered the question for themselves. Some said, "Oh! it is Women's Rights," and others said, "It is to set everybody right and to reform the world at large."

Now, as to Women's Rights, I think that we may say that the only rights that we have asked for the woman are the freedom, the opportunity, to fulfill her duties. In other words, we would see to it that the conditions of her life, moral and physical, should no longer cramp and starve, or pervert, the noblest possibilities of her womanhood, but that they should give free scope for their highest development. And such opportunity as this we would ask not for her alone, but for men and women and little children, for as a society we have the rights of all humanity at heart.

And then as to reform, well, that is doubtless part of our mission, for there are many things in the world about us that need to be made all over again, or perhaps to be done away with altogether, and yet reform in the ordinary sense of the word is not our leading idea. It seems to me that the person or the society that is always bent upon reform is like the Scotch woman who told me that her religion was to keep on telling other people their faults, and not mind how disagreeable it was to her. It had not seemed to occur to her that it might be disagreeable to the other people. Of course we must find fault and be very disagreeable sometimes, but on the whole we find that to grow in love, and mutual knowledge, and sympathy, is the best way to conquer the wrong. And so we would rather have "Love and Service" as our motto even than "Reform."

And I think that our Council begins to be understood

and that it has almost lived down mistrust and fear, just as such an organization as your Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Society wins confidence and respect for the working-men by declaring that the spirit that is in us is no vulgar spirit of envy stirring us to seek a false and tyrannical power, but rather the spirit of those, who, earnestly coveting the best gifts, seek for themselves and others a fuller opportunity to think wisely, to act justly, and to live nobly, in this little life of ours.

And so setting our difficulties behind us, let us briefly consider some of the problems that confront us as we set out to seek this fuller opportunity.

Saddest and most difficult of these is a problem which, while it concerns our womanhood most closely, is yet of vital importance to us all—the problem of social purity. Rightly is this called the social problem, for it has to deal with a form of evil which is limited to no class, which is peculiar to no conditions of riches or of poverty, but which pervades the whole body social. And the curse and the blight of it fall upon man and woman, upon parent and child, upon deserving and undeserving alike. “The curse and the blight of it.” Some may call these women’s words, but how did a man of science, the President of the British Medical Association, speak of it the other day? He spoke of it and its results as the “plague spot,” which in spite of all that science could do would remain to fester, to kill, to maim, to disfigure, to sap the health of millions. “The curse of humanity.” “The foul stream meandering whithersoever it will through the world of life.”

Oh! my brothers and sisters, as this problem concerns us all, so let us face and fight it together.

And let us have courage. Science may fail to overcome it, but God is God, and we are His children.

Let us no more be content to deal with its effects, let us seek out the sources of the evil.

We have said that it was peculiar to no conditions of riches or of poverty. This is true—yet we must recognize that it is perhaps most prevalent in those extremes of society which result unhappily from the fierce competition of our present industrial life.

There is a fierce form of socialism which, regarding this as the one and only cause, offers itself as a remedy. It says to women, "So long as society lasts it will have only this alternative for a large proportion of your sex. Sell yourself or starve;" but we say, "Live, work, and love." Were this true, were it impossible that society should reform itself in this matter without breaking up, then I, for one, and all women who feel the shame and degradation of their sisters, would say "Yea" to its doom. But as we cannot believe that its breaking up would bring a remedy, so we hold that society may—more than this, that it must—if it is to stand, reform itself from within. And not only must it reform itself from all that is false and cruel in the conditions of its industrial life, but the men and women who compose it must be themselves reformed from all that is selfish and unworthy, all that is base and mean.

The love of money, the love of dress, the love of drink, the love of ease, all these must be put away, for when the individual life shall be purified, then and only then shall the social life be clean.

Amongst the many sources of this evil, there is one which poisons the very springs of character; with which,

therefore, our Council is specially endeavouring to deal— I refer to the wide-spread though often hidden circulation of a corrupt and debasing reading-matter. I would entreat all parents to awake to this danger, and to guard against it to the utmost of their power. Not many days ago it came to my knowledge that a young girl from a respectable family, a girl of a naturally pure and innocent mind, had got the loan from one of her fellow-workers of one of those detestable books, which with their polluting words and pictures are often, we doubt not, the first suggestion that leads to actual sin, and must in every case leave gross thoughts and images behind them to trouble and to tempt the mind. It is with a deep sense of the incalculable harm that is wrought by books like these, or even by the trashy sensational novel of the hour, with its low views of marriage and its false estimates of character and life, that our Council is endeavouring in every way possible to suppress or counteract such books, and to cultivate a taste for a literature that is wholesome and pure.

One word more touching this painful and difficult problem.

Above all, in our dealings with this evil, must we look for our social and individual salvation to the motive-power of a true religion, and the early influences of a pure and happy home.

And now let me tell you something of our attitude as a Council towards that other problem, of the industrial conditions of men, and I am the more glad of an opportunity to do so, because our judgment in this matter was not fully understood a year ago by some of the working-men.

In our consideration of the great industrial problem, the question that has chiefly occupied our attention has been that of a shorter working-day, and I would emphatically state that it was not because we did not think the shorter working-day desirable that we hesitated to ask for an Act making it compulsory at the present time, but because we so earnestly desire it that we would not even by a word lend our support to any rash or premature action in this matter, knowing that such a course would defeat its own ends, and hinder its ultimate accomplishment.

That it is desirable, who can doubt? Not only for the mental, moral, and physical, welfare of the people at large, but for the sake of the workless worker, and so for the more equitable because less fiercely competitive adjustment of the terms of work and wage.

But we, at the same time, recognize that under our present industrial system the capitalist and the country have also to contend with a wide, an almost limitless competition; that so far as industrial purposes are concerned the whole world is as one country, and that the individual producer or country must conform to the general standard or succumb. Therefore, we would fulfill our part in this matter not by pronouncing rashly and unadvisedly on a question involving issues so wide and so far-reaching, but rather by so exercising over others the influence we possess, that we may hasten the time when public opinion and the united judgment of the nations, shall decree for all their workers a shorter working-day. And this time will come, the movement towards it is not peculiar to any one people or country, but is proceeding abroad quite as rapidly as here.

And so I would say to all who are striving to gain for themselves and others a fuller opportunity, more leisure, and a larger life, your hope is not a visionary hope, therefore let it be a patient and a cheerful hope. Yes, for it is not of the patience of passive submission that we speak, but of the patience of those who, striving, wait to see. That is the only true patience for us all. Not the *laissez-faire* of those who hold that they need shoulder none of the burdens, because everything is sure to come right in the end; nor on the other hand the patience and submission which are only other names for despair; but the true patience, yes, the contentment of an earnest and energizing hope, the cheerfulness of those who, while they set themselves to make the best of the things around them, yet strive with all their heart and soul to make them better than they are.

It may seem an easy thing for some of us to preach "Patience in striving"—"Patience in hope." It may seem to those to whom waiting means want, if not for themselves, then for many immediately around them, that those who have never had to think for their daily bread have had little occasion to practise, and so might well refrain from preaching, this patience of which we speak. And yet, dear friends, there are other things than bread for which we may have to wait. There are wants in my life as in yours which cannot be met by the daily bread, and we are all learning, in one way or another, to wait until God sees good. I find it a hard lesson, so must we all, but some day there will be no more need for patience, for it shall have wrought its perfect work.

And as to this great industrial problem of which we speak, there are many things to give us hope.

Much as still remains to be desired, it cannot be doubted that during the last fifty years a great and permanent advance has been made towards that equalization of the opportunities of men, for which not the working-men only but all who have the social good at heart must hope and strive.

An equalization of opportunity which shall not indeed make all men of one stamp, or reduce all men to one order, for were there no diversity there could be no unity, no co-operation, no interdependence, and so no social state at all; but such an equalization of conditions as shall give to every man the fullest possible chance to make the best of what is in him, to know the work to which by natural endowment and disposition he is appointed, to take his true place, and work aright in his own order, recognizing always that whatever that order be, whether of master or man, its greatness and its honour depend solely on the measure of its *service*.

Very far are we from this yet. The world is full of men and women who have failed, not because they are naturally worthless or unworthy, but because they have never had the chance to make the best of the stuff.

Very far, too, are we from having learnt that the measure of our greatness is simply the measure of the man.

Nor have we yet realized, as we should, the special honour that attaches to the calling of the working-man. Of all the nations there is one which more than any other has recognized the honourableness of industrial toil. Ancient paganism held it in dishonour. Some of the

modern nations of Europe, imbued with the spirit of militarism, hold the soldier as the model of all manly virtue, and discredit by comparison the mechanic, the artisan, and the peaceful tiller of the soil. But the people of ancient Israel thought otherwise. They said that the spears should be beaten into pruning hooks, and the swords turned into plowshares, when the day of the Lord should come—that was their ideal of the better time to be. Nor is this the least of the lessons which Israel has taught us, and all these great truths of which we have spoken are being brought home to us now as never before. Yes, the voices of our poets, of our preachers, of our greatest statesmen, are united in telling us that we are tending towards a higher, a more even average of the conditions and attainments of men, and that great and transforming changes are in store. I do not believe that these changes will come suddenly, or that the better things to come will be won by the overthrow or violent undoing of what has been before, but rather that they will be the outcome of those strong and orderly forces which have been drawing all things upward from the beginning, and which shall at last find their realization in the final and perfect triumph of God's Kingdom upon earth.

Some of you may know that prophetic passage in Robert Browning's Poems, in which, after showing how, in the slow process of the ages, order has shaped itself out of chaos, and strength has been born of struggle, and life has risen conqueror over death, he says:

“ These things tend still upward,
Progress is the law of life,
Man is not man as yet.

Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
 Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
 While only here and there a star dispels
 The darkness, here and there a towering mind
 O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
 Is out at once to the despair of night,
 When all mankind alike is perfected,
 Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
 I say, begins man's general infancy."

And again;

"In man's self arise august anticipations,
 Symbols, types of a dim splendor ever on before
 In that eternal circle life pursues.
 For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
 And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
 Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too great
 For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
 Before the unmeasured thirst for good; while peace
 Rises within them ever more and more."

Yes, we have spoken of the difficulties that beset us,
 of the problems that confront us, these are the hopes on
 which our hearts are set—hopes of a purer time than this,
 a time of nobler aims and more steadfast place than it is
 ours to know.

It may be that it is not for us to bring in that better time,
 but it is ours to hasten it.

Of the various ways in which men may help to bring
 it near, it would be impossible for me to speak to-day.
 It is indeed unnecessary that I should do so, for many of
 you have made a more intimate study of these things than
 I. But there is one way that is open to us all. Ibsen the

Scandinavian tells us of it when he says that mere democracy cannot solve the social question, that an element of aristocracy must be introduced into our life—not the aristocracy of birth or of money or even of intellect, but that aristocracy of character which is greatest of all.

And it is from two groups that he expects this aristocracy to come; from the women and the working-men.

So as we reach out by prayer and action, if need be by suffering, to those fair times in store, let us bear with us the thought of One, a working-man, who more than eighteen hundred years ago set His seal in life and death to the reality of these hopes; let us like Him count no calling more honourable than that of the working-man. Let us, for the hope that is in us, purify ourselves even as He is pure.

TO THE WORKING WOMEN OF ST. JOHN'S PARISH.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Let us have a little talk together about "How to be Happy."

Some people think that to be happy is much the same thing as being comfortable; that to have a warm house, and all the food one can eat, and plenty of clothes for one's self, and the good man, and the children, and a nice little sum put by for a rainy day, ought to make anyone happy. And indeed these are things to be thankful for, and I hope and think that, as the world goes on, more and more people will have them; but all the same there are lots of

people who *have* them who are not so happy or contented as the old woman who summed up her comforts in the words, "Thank goodness. I have but two teeth, but they *meet!*" Yes, I am sure there is many a lighter heart under a thread-bare cloak than under a sealskin jacket; and, though this may seem strange, everyone may be happy though everyone cannot be comfortable.

Perhaps some of you have heard of a society in England called "The Guild of the Poor Things." No one can belong to that society who is well and hearty and strong, only those who are blind and crippled, or in some sad way maimed for the battle of life. Yet a lady who went to a gathering of these "Poor Things" says it was the happiest gathering she ever saw in her life. Everyone there wore a medal round his neck, with the words "Happy in my lot" on it, and on the medal was the picture of a crossed sword and crutch; and one bright little cripple looked up and shewed his medal, and explained how it was to remind him that he was a soldier and must look happy when things hurt him.

The idea of the society seems to me a very pretty one. It was taken from a little book called "The Story of a Short Life," which you might like to have read to you some day. Well! this shows us that it is possible to be happy even with aches and pains. Let us try and think now of a few ways to be happy that all of us can practise.

One way of course must be to try and make the people round us happy, and that, for most of us women, means first our husbands and children. We all mean to be happy when we get married. The days when our John came courting us were perhaps the happiest in our lives, and we mean to make him happy for all the rest of his. But ch! dear, when

the children begin to come, and baby is fretful and teething, and when, as with some of us, there's the house to clean, the washing to do and the meals to get, and John comes home at night cross and tired and fault finding, isn't it more than poor human nature can do to meet him with a smile. Well, it isn't easy, but if the smile is not beyond us we shall find it *pays*. And if we can only hold our tongues (I don't mean sulk) it will work wonders. I have heard of a sensible working-man and his wife who made a funny arrangement of their own which answered very well. They were both fond of *jawing*, and really though they honestly cared for each other, yet it came to be a cat and dog sort of life, and so being a sensible couple, and seeing they must spend their lives together, they made this arrangement, that whenever things went wrong with him in his work, he should come home with his cap on one side, and then whatever he said his wife was to hold her tongue and let him have his say out. But to be fair, it was also agreed that on days when everything went wrong at home, from the stove to the baby, then the wife was to tuck her apron up, and John was to let her say what she liked and not contradict her. It all worked very well, but one day things went wrong all round, and John came home with his cap tilted right over his nose, and Mary's apron was almost out of sight, What was to be done now? Well, happily, both kept true to their promise, not a word was said on either side; they went to bed in doleful dumps indeed, but they woke in the morning with a hearty good laugh about it, and I think they can teach us all a lesson! If we want to be happy, to make our homes happy and to keep our husbands from slipping round the corner to make merry in a way that's

not too good for them, we must try not to mope and be miserable, and we must learn to hold our tongues.

Then there are the children—troublesome joys they are, no doubt, but we should all find home very dull without them, and we all want them to be happy, but do we always go the right way about it? One day we are in a good humour and we give them all the sugar candy they want, perhaps a great deal more than is good for them; and another day we are tired and fretted, and it's a push here and a sharp word there, and instead of sugar candy nothing but tears and hard knocks. Now the children are very like ourselves. The sort of people we like and respect, the sort of people we want to do for, are the people we can count on. We know how we're going to find them. They'll tell us when we're doing a thing wrong—none of us are perfect, and it's very silly to be hurt and offended when people tell us so—but they'll also tell us when we're doing it right and giving satisfaction. And they'll praise us when they can, so that we hold up our heads and feel we're of some consequence in the world, and we must live up to it and do better still next time. Let us treat the children as we would be treated ourselves. Children are very quick to see through us, they take our measure soon enough. Let us keep our word with them. Don't let us promise and disappoint them. Don't let us say one thing and mean another. And while we give them all the happy play we can, let us remember that children love to be of use, and let us praise them when they do little errands for us. No doubt it's less trouble very often to do a thing ourselves, to turn the children out and cook the dinner and tidy up in peace and quietness; but just a little patience on our part, a little

showing and an encouraging word, and by and by the elder girl will be a real help to mother, and so much better able later on to be of use in other households or to keep a home of her own. So in setting about to make the children happy let us remember these things—to keep our word with them, not to shriek at them, to make them feel that they're of use, and to give them all the praise we can.

And this is one of the surest ways to find our own happiness, just to try and make our home a place of peace for the good man and the children.

And then when we meet a neighbour let us try and talk of some of the pleasant things that have happened lately, for pleasant things come to everybody. There are some people who never tell us anything but the unpleasant things, whose cow is dead, whose baby has the measles, whose husband didn't come home till morning, whose wife has a suspicious black eye. And how seldom after all we meet a really cheerful face along the road. Perhaps we women are the worst offenders in this way, we have so many little troubles it isn't like a straight day's work. But there are grumblers among the men too. One old man met another lately, they had been school boys together, but they hadn't met for forty years—"Why this *is* fine," said one to the other, "how are you?" "I've had a cold this winter," piped the second old man, "rheumatism in my shoulder, was laid up for a couple of weeks, doctor said I had it pretty bad." This was a cheerful way to start a conversation after forty years. It wasn't as if the rheumatism was still there, but there it had been, and what's the good of a friend if you can't dump your troubles, past and present, on him? Well, we all want someone to share both our joys and our

sorrows, and it's better to tell our troubles out to the right person than to bottle them up and go about all day long looking like a martyr; but don't let us tell them to everybody, and don't let us forget all the bright and pleasant things, when we have a crack with a friend.

There was a little home on a hillside nineteen hundred years ago, and two women lived there with their brother Lazarus—Martha and Mary were their names. Every now and then a dear Friend came to see them. They were so glad when He came. Martha used to bustle about to get supper ready, but Mary forgot all about eating and drinking for the joy of sitting at His feet and hearing His words. I think He did not talk about His own troubles, but of the love of the Father, and the joy of doing His will. Yet He had His troubles—we know that! And though He was always sure of a welcome with Martha and Mary, that wasn't like having a home of His own. Even the birds had their nests, He said, and the foxes their holes, but He had no place to lay His head, no place He could call His own, and He would not have said this if He had not missed these things. Yet, I think He had a great gladness in His heart all the time.

He never seems to have gone about looking gloomy. Someone has said that we read of Jesus that He wept but we never read that He smiled. I think this gives a very wrong impression. Does anyone suppose for a moment, that He took the little children up in His arms and pressed them to His heart without a smile? And He kept on telling us that we must not be moody or sad. He told us to look at the birds and the flowers, how they were fed and clothed—how the little birds sat safely on the edge of the roof and

sang their songs of praise—how the flowers got their beautiful colours just by living in the sunshine of God. He said, "Fear not, don't be afraid," and He lay down in the little boat out on the lake, when a big storm was raging, and went fast asleep like a child in his mother's arms. Fear not, don't be afraid, God loves us and all is well!

So let us try to go about our daily task, to bear our daily burden. And though we cannot always be merry, though we must sometimes be sorrowful, yet all the same there will be a gladness in our hearts that nothing can quite take away. And perchance some One whom we cannot see will come in at our door and say, "Peace be to this house!" And then some day when we're very tired we shall fall asleep, and when we wake, please God, we shall see Him who brought the blessing; and after that we shall not ask "how to be happy" any more.

WHEN THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE GOVERNOR GENERAL
AND THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN CAME TO
MONTREAL TO INAUGURATE THE VIC-
TORIAN ORDER OF NURSES.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The other day I read an article in a magazine on "Women in Public Assemblies," which said that the public functions of women should be strictly limited to the collecting of evidence which men should afterwards debate. At first sight this assertion might seem just a little arrogant, but let me hasten to explain, as the writer does, that it is really based on beliefs and sentiments of a most

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profound humility, for the reasons why the writer thinks so are: 1st, that the influence of woman over man is so pre-eminent that he has got to protect himself; 2nd, that man can't bring himself to rise up and argue with woman in public because he has got into such a habit of always agreeing with her in private; and 3rd, that what women most enjoy in private and public life is a series of decorous declamations. Now, I am not going to argue about any of these statements, because I am convinced that no one here needs to be set right about them. But I would say that there is one woman with us to-day whose influence, when pre-eminent, is always pre-eminent for good, and that no man needs to protect himself against it! And as to the collecting of evidence, whether or no that be a peculiarly feminine function it is certainly a very important one, and such evidence as has been laid before us to-day by Her Excellency and the other speakers must I feel sure carry conviction. Did time permit, which it does not, for I believe our limit is three minutes, I could add to that evidence by a hundred testimonies from those whose needs we have under consideration. From the North-East, from the North-West, from ranchers and lumber men, farmers and merchants, clergy and doctors, letters come in telling of lives maimed and of lives sacrificed for want of a little timely care. A doctor in one of the mining districts wrote in a letter received yesterday: "Could people but have *seen* the misery and sickness here the past season, resultant largely from lack of nursing care, they would I am sure help us in every way possible." And we hardly need to *see*, we have only to think for a moment, and we must realize what a burden the sick must

often become, and feel themselves to be in such districts. A clergyman writes from Assiniboia of a sick man in his district for whom he had recently to call in a relay of twenty-one men in one week. Wonderful to relate, the sick man still survived, but it had become impossible to get any more voluntary help, and they were at a loss what to do. I may add that a clergyman and his wife write that they would gladly take a trained nurse into their home, and that they are sure that many others would do the same. But, indeed, there are instances at our very doors, amongst the poor and the less well-to-do in our cities, where suffering has been aggravated and life lost for the lack of nursing aid.

And so, in moving this resolution, I feel that the scheme which it endorses is one which must appeal to all. It is to help all—men, women, and children—in the city, in the country districts, on the prairies. It touches women very specially because they have suffered and they know. It appeals to the nurses because they know that there is no higher happiness in life than to help to bring succour, help, and comfort to those that are in necessity and tribulation; because, as Dr. Osler once said to the nurses of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, their profession initiates more than any other into the great secret, that happiness lies in the absorption in some vocation that satisfies the soul—a secret worth knowing, worth almost all the tonics and rest cures! It touches men perhaps most of all because, while women are brave for themselves, men are cowards indeed where the sufferings of their wives and daughters, their mothers and sisters are concerned, and nothing touches the strong man more nearly than that special burden of suffering which Nature lays upon the weak.

TO THE GRADUATING NURSES OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA
HOSPITAL, 1906.

I think it is four years since I last had the pleasure of presenting the diplomas to the graduating nurses of the Royal Victoria Hospital. Such an occasion always seems to me to be at once of a festive and of a serious character. No doubt it is under that twofold aspect that it appears to you, the graduating nurses. For it is to you an end and a beginning; the end of a long course of arduous preparation, the beginning of a career to which you have long looked forward, a career now justly recognized to be one of the highest, noblest and best that can be followed by women. Yes, to no profession can the word "noble" be more fitly applied than to that of the trained nurse. We can all recognize and try to realize the truth of dear George Herbert's familiar lines, "Who sweeps a room unto the Lord, makes that and the action fine." Yet we cannot but feel that there is a difference; that some work stands *per se* on a higher plane than other work. The question is not whether work be paid or unpaid (though I may say, in passing, that the world has a curious way of concluding that the nobler a profession is, the less should the public pay for it); the question is not whether the nurse goes forth to her work clad in the ordinary hospital uniform or in the garb of some religious order. The care of the sick, the relief of suffering, the saving of life, is a noble work in itself, quite apart from all such considerations, and whether or not it is pursued in a noble manner rests solely with the spirit in which it is done.

Some of you may have read that delightful book, "The Life and Letters of James Hinton," by the late Miss Ellice

Hopkins. Her very name is an inspiration to us all. You know how she, a woman of delicate physique, gave up her whole life for the alleviation of sin and suffering under some of its worst forms; at a time, too, when the world still thought it an indelicate thing for a woman to know anything of a form of sin and suffering which bears most heavily on her own sex. When this little woman, braving public opinion, and without any special gifts of oratory, told her story and made her appeal from the platform, I have been told that she even made bishops weep. This way of putting it seemed to me a little hard on the bishops, whom I have always found, so far as my own experience goes, as soft-hearted as other men. However, I suppose they have to be more careful about their dignity. But this is a digression. What I started to say was, that James Hinton, being a doctor himself, used to give to trained nursing even a higher rank than the practice of medicine. He wondered indeed how any woman could condescend to be a doctor who had the chance of being a nurse. He used to say, "When a commonplace young man says, 'I want to be a doctor,' I say, 'very well,' because I dare say he will do well enough. And if a commonplace girl wants to be a doctor, I take it for granted she will do well enough too. But if a girl says, 'I want to be a nurse,' I begin to consider whether she has the requisite qualifications."

So high an ideal might be alarming, might be discouraging, were it not that it calls for just those special qualities of character which are most "true womanly," for gentleness, and sympathy, and patience, and tact, and all that is wrapt up in the heart of motherhood.

And without making odious comparisons may I say that our Canadian nurses should be, and I believe are, specially known by these characteristics. It is, for instance, an acknowledged fact that across the line Canadian nurses are generally preferred. I have been told that this is because they have more staying power; but this staying power, this reserve force, in so far as it derives from a less tense and highly wrought nervous organization, must imply more repose of manner, a lower tone to the voice, and generally more of that quietude which is so soothing in a sick room.

Then if we take the qualities of tact and adaptability, where have we larger opportunities for acquiring them than in Canada, where things are still as some would say in the rough; where our roads, in a spiritual as well as in a literal sense, are full of "cahots," and we are sure to be dreadfully bumped about if we hold ourselves too stiff. It was in England, where the roads are smooth and rules can afford to be more rigid, that we had to part with a capable and conscientious nurse, who was taking night duty in the serious illness of a near relative of mine, because of this lack of adaptability. Every morning the nurse told the doctor how many hours to the minute her patient had slept, every morning the patient indignantly disclaimed the soft impeachment, she had not slept half that amount, she had only lain quiet with her eyes shut. The nurse maintained her position, she knew by the breathing and so on. At last the patient felt her presence intolerable, she was afraid to shut her eyes at night in case nurse should triumph—so there was nothing for it but to ask her to depart.

Now, it is never a graceful thing to boast, it is a better

thing to recognize that we *all* have the qualities of our acts and the defects of our qualities. But I feel about the trained nurse in Canada that her hospital course drills her out of what some might call our national defects—our lack of order and method, of attention to detail, our through-other way of doing things; whereas the qualities of which these faults are the other side are constantly called into exercise by the conditions of life in a country where all is in the making.

So it is with a confident hope and with a pardonable pride that we bid our nurses go forth to-day to the work of their high calling. Of all work it is true that "the worker has but a span of time, a brief opportunity, a failing strength." Happily to-day, under the improved conditions of a nurse's life, this is hardly more true of your work than of any other calling; but of your work especially it may be said that if the work is great, so also, in ways that cannot be told, is the joy of the reward.

AT A PUBLIC MEETING IN THE BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, WHEN IT WAS RESOLVED TO ESTABLISH THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY, HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF MINTO BEING PRESENT.

We are acting to-day on the advice of the old nursery rhyme, "If you try and don't succeed, try, try, try again." To-day we are trying again! For some ten or twelve years ago a little band of earnest and devoted men set to work to establish this very same system of Charity Organization in Montreal. They tried and failed. But their effort was

not thrown away for it set us thinking towards it, and by its very failure emphasized for us the three conditions most essential to its success. Let me touch very briefly on these three conditions. First, though I say it, it must have women in it. I think there were no women, at least none worth mentioning, connected with that first effort. It must have women in it, and the reason why is that woman has or should have more than man those two qualities which form the title of Miss Austen's well-known novel, "Sense and Sensibility." I should hesitate to say to such an audience as this that woman has absolutely more sense than man, because some one might rise up and confront me with the question and answer in somebody's catechism (I think he was a bishop or an archbishop) which ran, "What is woman? A creature who cannot reason, and pokes the fire from the top." But I think I am safe in saying that woman has more sense than man relatively to dollars and cents. And this is only natural, for she, being a creature of allowances and pin-money, has always had to cut her coat to fit the cloth. Whereas man being a lordly creature slashes away at the cloth on the comfortable assumption that there's always more to be had when wanted—and sometimes there is and the coat is all the better for it; but sometimes there isn't! Then woman has or should have more sensibility than man, and sense with sensibility should make her charity's best ministrant. So ever since the first Charity Organization Society was established thirty years ago in the City of London, when a woman, Miss Octavia Hill, was one of its chief promoters, it has been largely dependent for some of its best and highest work on the personal services of women.

Then, the second condition of success: Its governing board must be composed largely of business men, men of affairs. This will be readily believed when it is understood what charity organization really is—not a new charity, but a co-ordinating of existent charity, a system whereby all who are engaged in charitable work may, if they will, communicate with each other, so that what each does may fit in as part of a whole, and there may be neither gaps nor overlapping. No such medium at present exists. Without it, it is self-evident that charity, especially individual charity, must be largely indiscriminate, ineffectual, wasteful. What is wanted is, that business men should think it worth their while as citizens to put into charity those same principles of order, economy and adaptation of means to ends which characterize all successful business!

The third condition of success may seem a very simple one, yet it is the most important of all, perhaps I may add the only one that is still to seek. It is that everyone should make use of it. *This is all.* Does it not seem a simple condition? Perhaps it is just because it is so simple that people will throw all kinds of complexities into it. Please remember (for you are sure to be asked) these two things about Charity Organization. 1st, there is no such word as affiliation in its Constitution. 2nd, far from claiming any authority over charitable societies or individuals, it seeks only to be *the servant of all*. It does not even force its services on any, but is there at call—there to be used, and its use is to enquire into the cases of all poor persons who may apply to it or may be sent to it, to refer these to the proper sources of relief, if any, or, failing such, to organize means for their assistance and recovery. All that it asks

is that once its office is open *no one* should give without enquiring; that everyone should realize that to give, asking no questions, is no act of Christian kindness, but in nine cases out of ten does a positive wrong. Indiscriminate alms puts a premium on deception. The sadder the tale, often the more pious it is, the larger the dole. So the tale grows more piteous and more pious.

We all know many cases in point. We hear from another city of a woman who has buried her husband seventeen times. He is still going about and able to enjoy his dinner. I know of a woman here who has had her baby baptised five times in order to establish a claim on five parishes. But I need not multiply instances, nor would we lay too much stress on the detection of fraud as an object of Charity Organization. It is only a means, albeit a very necessary means, to the end that pauperism may be cured and honest poverty relieved. What we would emphasize is this—that so long as we have no central office of enquiry, we shall go on *making paupers*; so long as we have no central office of enquiry, the cases of the really needy poor will be largely overlooked. Shall we or shall we not have Charity Organization? That is the question before us to-day. It is for the clergy, the charitable society, the individual citizen, to decide. Charity Organization cannot succeed as the fad of a few, nor can it be forced on a community. The furtherance of the clergy, the co-operation of the citizens, is the most essential condition of all. It rests with them. Let them remember before deciding, that it is no new untried venture. Hundreds of such societies exist to-day in Europe and America, and from all comes the same testimony of pauperism checked or

redeemed, of truer and more helpful relations between rich and poor, of stronger because more combined effort for the general good.

Does not the call come to us clearly to-day? Men and women, citizens of this beautiful city, members of a community whose varied character should not divide us but only make our lives more rich and full, shall we not now go forward together, one in that unity of spirit so beautifully set forth in the manual of St. Vincent de Paul:

"The title of the poor to our commiseration is their poverty itself. Jesus Christ came to redeem and save all men, Greeks as well as Jews, barbarians as well as Romans. We will not discriminate more than did He between those whom suffering and misery have visited."

Yes, one in this spirit of unity, because one in the Infinite Love.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN :

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY, — We, of the National Council of Women of Canada, a Society having for its aim the better application of the Golden Rule, and for its members all women within Your Majesty's Canadian realm who will follow and embrace that aim, would add our tribute to that world-wide expression of loyalty and devotion which it is the joy and privilege of your subjects to render to Your Majesty, on the happy occasion of the completion of the 60th year of your beneficent reign. Your Majesty's reign has been marked by a material and social progress unparalleled in any age of the world. The ocean has become

a high road for the commerce of the nations, time and space have yielded to steam and electricity, while the movement towards a permanent national unity for all parts of the British Empire is significant of a great consolidation, and of the supreme part which the British race has yet to fulfil in the history of nations and the destinies of mankind. Yet, this movement towards a national unity is but the sign and outcome of a larger impulse and awakening, of that recognition of a unity underlying and transcending all difference, binding the nations of the earth and the children of men in a single humanity, which during Your Majesty's reign has, with ever-growing intensity, stirred and animated the thoughts and deeds of men.

Through the constraining power of this idea the fetters of the slaves have fallen, the sick and wounded have been tended, and men have seen in the realization of the human brotherhood the key to a universal harmony, and the highest good of the individual and the race. Coincident with this movement and inherent to it is that single and momentous advance in thought and opinion which has so heightened the ideals and enlarged the possibilities for women. And in that wider sphere of usefulness and activity now happily open to women no service is more honourable or more blessed in its results than that of the trained nurses—a calling which Your Majesty has done so much to elevate and promote—one which has been successfully organized and established in India at Your Majesty's request, and which in the British Isles and in Canada will ever be honoured by its association with your name.

As Your Majesty's subjects, sharing in the glory and prosperity of a great empire, we would tender the expression

of our unswerving loyalty and devotion. As women, we would acknowledge our peculiar debt to Your Most Gracious Majesty, whose wisdom in judgment, charities of heart, and purity, simplicity and fortitude of personal life, have set our womanhood on high, crowned and enthroned. That the Divine blessing may rest upon Your Most Gracious Majesty now and ever is the earnest prayer of

(Signed)

ISHBEL ABERDEEN,
President

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA
FROM THE WOMEN OF CANADA :

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—

As women of Canada, we would humbly convey to His Majesty King Edward VII. and to you his Illustrious Consort, through the National Council of Women of Canada, our sincere congratulations on your accession to the throne, and the assurance of our perpetual love and fealty.

We have the greater confidence in making this approach by reason of the gracious message sent by our late beloved Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, on the seventh day of July, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, to the National Council of Women of Canada, in response to their congratulations on the completion of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign. Words fail us to tell of our love for her. We praise God for her long and glorious reign, and we enshrine her in our hearts as one who bore, through a long tale of years, as Queen and Woman, a stainless sceptre.

Your Majesties have been endeared to your subjects in all parts of your dominions by the breadth of your

sympathies and by your many activities for the general good. You have long been held in honour for the untiring devotion and the constant self-forgetfulness with which you have fulfilled the onerous duties devolving on you, in ever increasing measure, by the advancing years of our late beloved Queen, and as we thank God for her, so we pray that this Empire may long enjoy the beneficent rule of His Gracious Majesty, and of you his Illustrious Consort.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL
AND YORK :

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

The Members of the National Council of Women of Canada venture to approach Your Royal Highness with glad and loyal greetings on this happy occasion of your visit to Canada.

The Society to which we belong is representative of all women within this broad Dominion; the welcome which it extends is a message from the women of the East and of the West, from those that dwell in the broad prairie lands, on the coast of great seas, or in populous cities. Various as is the country of their birth or their adoption are the women of this Council, yet are they bound together by a common allegiance, by their fealty to one Sovereign, by their part in one great Empire, by their consecration to that idea of spiritual unity, of which the British Empire is at once the realization and the pledge.

And as the women of the Council strive to fulfil the law of service, to further the harmonious development of this

complex Canadian people, to strengthen the bonds between all who claim the high privilege of British subjects, and "to establish relations among mankind," they are upheld by those illustrious examples of pure and lofty womanhood set forth by Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria of ever blessed memory, by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, and by Her Late Royal Highness the much-beloved Duchess of Teck.

To you and to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York we offer the tribute of our loyalty and devotion, our hope that your journey through Canada may be to you as pleasant an experience as it will be to us a treasured memory, and our earnest wish that all glory and honour may ever attend that great Sovereignty which you now represent among us.

AT A COUNCIL MEETING ON THE EVE OF THE DEPARTURE
FROM CANADA OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE GOV-
ERNOR GENERAL AND THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—

I should like to say a few words in support of the Resolution. And yet something—perhaps it is my Scottish descent—makes it difficult for me to express what most I feel.

Five years ago Your Excellency came among us. Nearly five years ago you addressed the inaugural meeting of this Local Council. Time speeds fast and it hardly seems so long, but these five years in the intimacy of united work have been long enough to give us all large opportunity to know each other, to know each other under the surface in a way that is hardly possible in ordinary social life, and so

Your Excellency, though the nobility of your life and purpose are apparent to all, we women of the Council feel that we are privileged to know you best. Yes, we know best your gentleness and kindness, your unflagging powers of attention, your untiring patience. As chairwoman at our meetings your powers of endurance must often have been severely taxed, yet you have never been impatient, you have never by word or deed betrayed either weariness or vexation of spirit. And that we women of the Council have never fallen out over our differences of opinion—no, though there have been among us at times even extreme differences of opinion, must be largely attributed to the wise and equal judgment and the long suffering of our President.

And then, Your Excellency, though others see and recognize your unwearied persistence in good, we know best what it is that makes you strong to work and wait. We know that it is indeed that faith which can remove mountains; the faith that if we work together with God, "whatsoever is willed is done:" faith which, though it does not make us insensible to disappointment, or less keen to appreciate success, or less sad sometimes over immediate failure, yet enables us to go on; the faith that though now as heretofore the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, yet it is ever coming, it *shall* be realized in that "God's instant men call years."

Your Excellency, your life among us during these five years has been that of one who counts nothing too great to give, whether of time, talents, trouble, rest of mind and body, if in so doing one may by but a little help to bring in that Kingdom. For you, as for others, it cannot always be an easy choice, the choice between the

life of ease and the life of chivalry. The words of John Ruskin find an echo in the hearts of all when he says that all his life he has been tormented between the desire for leisure and a happy life, and the sense of the terrible human cry, the cry of crime that must be resisted and overcome, the cry of misery that must be succoured. The same choice is before us all. Some choose one way and some another. Those who choose the leisure and the happy life are as a rule less criticised. But can we doubt which is the better choice, with whom we would cast in our lot—more, which is the happiest life, for though it is those who seek the Kingdom who suffer most, it was the face of One who loved most that was marred more than any man's; yet the love that they give shall come back multiplied, and some day, some day they shall have beauty for ashes, oil of joy for grief.

Your Excellency, even in the here and now, our Council has had its joy of achievement, its tangible and recognized results. Now that our head is taken from us, we have our anxieties for the time to be, but our hope is still to go forward. And of this we are very sure, that we women of Canada, that Canada itself, will always be the better for the spiritual influence of the Council Idea. Perhaps we cannot better express that idea, or the farewell that trembles on our lips to-day, than in the words of that saint of song. Christina Cosetti:

"Lord, make us all love all,
That when we meet, even
Myriads of earth's myriads at Thy Bar,
We may be glad, as all true lovers are
Who, having parted, count re-union sweet."

ADDRESS AT A FAREWELL BANQUET TO THEIR EXCEL-
LENCIES IN THE WINDSOR HALL.

To Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen :

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—

Amid the widespread regret at your departure, we the women of Montreal would bring to you our special tribute of gratitude, admiration, and esteem.

Knowing Your Excellency's dislike to personal laudation, we shall be silent as to much which it is in our hearts to say, and shall dwell only on that high ideal of womanhood which you have set before us.

In your first public utterance you spoke of the Woman's Mission as being in the highest and broadest sense "Mothering," and of the Home as her peculiar sphere and creation. In your own family life, with its consecrated affections, its simplicity, its perfect accord, we have seen and felt this queenly power of the woman "within the gates." And "without the gates" also, where "order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare," we have seen your compassionate hands stretched forth to uplift the fallen, to comfort the broken-hearted, to "mother" the little ones, to make homes for those that are homeless. So have we realized more fully, through the power of your life and words, that our noblest service, our supreme prerogative, as women, is to make actual for our own, and possible for others, the true Ideal of the Home.

In social life, also, you have taught us; for in you we have seen exemplified the unworldliness of the "woman of the world," that she, as the very name implies, is not

"exclusive" but "inclusive," all-embracing in her sympathies, wide in her views, earnest and tolerant.

Your action in public life has its lessons too; for through the part that you have taken there, we learn that the true woman is indeed not a "new woman," but a creature of the present and the past. Of the past, because she perhaps more than man recognizes "the greatness that there is in law and order once solemnly established," and reverences accordingly; of the present, because of her ready responsiveness, through which she realizes the needs of her time, and feels that great spiritual impulse which, stirring the heart of the centuries, bears us onward to the time that is to be, when God shall make all things new.

What else we would say, Your Excellency will take for granted. Believe us, that, though you go, the spirit of your life and words will remain with us, and many will realize then even more than now, that to have known you is a blessing in their past and an inspiration that endures.

ADDRESS AT A FAREWELL TO HER EXCELLENCY, ON HER
DEPARTURE FROM CANADA, FROM THE VICTORIAN
ORDER OF NURSES IN MONTREAL.

To Her Excellency the Countess of Minto :

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—

We realize with much regret that the time draws near for your departure from Canada. During the six years that you have been with us you have taken an active interest in all that concerns the Canadian people; our

system of education, our winter sports, our works of charity, have been benefited by your personal sympathy and efforts. Conspicuous among your claims upon our gratitude is the service which you have rendered to the Victorian Order of Nurses. In the great West much has been done through the "Lady Minto Fund" to meet the need of skilled help in sickness by the erection of Cottage Hospitals; while the raising of a Central Endowment Fund has given an assured future to the Order, and made provision not only for an extension of the Cottage Hospital work, but also for the steady progress of trained district nursing in cities and country places throughout the Dominion. For this and other benefits your name will be held in grateful and enduring memory, even as we trust that the esteem and "good-will" which Your Excellencies have won during your residence amongst us will ever make Canada a happy recollection to you.

Wishing you and your family all blessing and felicity, we have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

President.

Vice-President.

Vice-President.

Honorary Secretaries.

Honorary Treasurer.

Members of the Board of Governors and of the several Local Associations, District Committees and Hospital Boards.

March 17th, 1904.

TO QUEEN MARGHERITA, ON THE ASSASSINATION OF
KING HUMBERT, 1900.

Resolved, That we of the National Council of Women of Canada, now assembled in the City of Montreal do take this opportunity to express our profound sympathy with Her Majesty, the Queen Margherita of Italy, in the grievous bereavement which, on the 29th day of July, 1900, was sustained by her family and the people of Italy: a loss which carried sorrow and bewilderment among all nations, where he who had been struck by the base and cruel hand of anarchy was esteemed for his personal and kingly qualities, for his sincere love of his subjects, and for his unwearied efforts to promote their welfare.

And further, be it resolved, that this expression of sympathy be recorded and forwarded to Her Majesty, together with the assurance of our continued interest in all that concerns her distinguished House and the great country over which it rules, so long allied to England by bonds of amity.

TO MRS. MCKINLEY, ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN THE YEAR 1901.

DEAR MRS. MCKINLEY:

We pray you to accept our heartfelt sympathy in your deep affliction.

As members of the National Council of Women of Canada, we mourn with your Nation for the loss which it has sustained in the removal of its chosen leader and representative head. We share the grief and bewilderment which his

taking away and the manner of it have brought to a great and prosperous people. We realize that the loss is not only to the Nation which he so worthily represented, but is in very truth a world calamity. And we pray the God of Nations that He will lead His peoples even through this bereavement to a truer conception and a fuller realization of that perfect liberty which consists in obedience to the perfect law. So shall the death of one of America's best men and greatest statesmen call us, like the death of the Divine Master, whose last words were echoed in his own, to that Kingdom of God and His righteousness which alone is civilization.

Before your personal sorrow we are hushed. He whose love and tender care have been with you through the years, whose strength was as a staff to lean upon, whose sympathy made full the joys of life and lightened its inevitable sorrows, has been taken from you at a stroke! What can we say, then, save this—that his love, though he has been taken from your side, is with you still, and that the Divine Love will surely sustain you on your solitary path, until in its embrace all that we loved and lost is forever restored.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THEIR EXCELLEN-
CIES THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AND
THE COUNTESS GREY, CHA-
TEAU DE RAMEZAY

1905

I have been asked to tell Your Excellencies "in English" how much we appreciate the honour conferred on this Society by your presence here to-day; but, as we all know, the French language has "par excellence" the art of compliment, that is, the power to express appreciation in a manner both graceful and convincing. When an Englishman, on the other hand, tries to be graceful, he generally tries too hard, and the result is not satisfactory. So I shall be content to say simply in "plain English," we thank Your Excellencies for being so kind as to spare the time out of a busy week to visit the old Château. Our comparison between two languages, obvious but I think not odious, points to the reason why we felt justified in asking this of you. It is because there is attached to the Château a story full of romance and interest, and may we not say of prophecy for the two peoples who have made Canada what it is, and on whom its destinies depend. Many and diverse are the scenes that these old walls have witnessed. Built, as we have heard, by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal in the days of the French Régime, it became after his death a centre of barter and exchange for the Indians, the original possessors of the soil, whom the mildness and good faith of their French conquerors had already so wonderfully

conciliated. A little later it became the official residence of the British Governors, and then for a brief space it was occupied as the head-quarters of the American Revolutionary army. For a brief space only, for our people, especially the Roman Catholic Clergy, stoutly refused even to consider proposals of revolt. And then one hundred years after, when the old Château was in danger of being sold and turned to commercial uses, a society, composed of French and English-speaking Canadians, bought and saved it. And here from week to week they meet, people of two races but of a common interest and a common allegiance, for that social intercourse which is the best and surest way to mutual understanding, appreciation and sympathy.

And so the old Château stands, a witness once to the loyalty, the heroism, and the enterprise of the men who came from two great countries across the sea to contend for the possession of a new land. A witness now to the growing rapprochement of the descendants of these two peoples, to their gradual fusion into one undivided force, into a great Canadian people, strong in unity, in independence, and in fealty to the flag that floats over "The Great Maritime Confederation of the World."

Your Excellencies, when I say "fusion," I do not mean such a merging as would obliterate differences, but rather such a unison as there is in music where the depth and greatness of the harmony are to be measured by the complexity and diversity of its parts. "An agreeable combination of apparent discords," this is how harmony has been defined by the dictionary. And though the word "discords" is hardly applicable to such differences of racial

characteristic as exist among us, yet the unity which is possible, which is surely in process of realization by this Canadian people, presents to the mind such a combination of qualities, of grace and gaiety, of *savoir vivre* and *savoir faire*, with the more sober virtues that are born of the sense of individual responsibility, of the ideal of chivalry with the ideal of industry and commerce, as must some day make Canada one of the noblest and fullest symphonies in the great and complicated concert of the world.

And allow us to say, Your Excellency, that at this time so rich in possibilities, your coming to us has indeed been opportune.

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A recent photograph, 1907.

CLOUDS

AN EARLY ESSAY WRITTEN FOR THE LITERARY CLUB

1883



Did you look out of your window about 8 o'clock on this 23rd morning of February, 1883 ?

Or, better still, were you outside of all windows and doors in the still sweetness of that early hour? If so, did you look up at the clouds—the radiant, filmy clouds that swept across the space of heaven, making casements here and there like windows into the infinite blue? Under the low roofs of the houses slept some with “wings of aspiration furled,” and some went hastening down the street with eyes and thoughts all downwards bent. The sun ariseth, and man goeth forth to the toil and moil of another day in this work-a-day world. The clouds sweep on above, and the round earth goes round, and we, fast tied to its hard, gray back, walk our little round on two slow feet, and hope that some day we, like the clouds, may have wings to go from world to world and to pierce the infinite heaven!

I am sure that Mr. Ruskin is quite correct when he says that we know little and think less about the clouds. There can be no doubt whatever, I should think, that many people look with more intense interest and admiration down at their

feet, for instance, and the leathern trappings thereon known familiarly as boots, than they do at the shape and symmetry of the clouds above their heads. But do you think the man ever did exist—I think he was in a magazine, and was called, "The Man who grew rich looking down" (I read the story very long ago when I was a child)—who always stood and walked and did everything with his eyes down, and gathered a pile of gold, but couldn't tell what colour the sky was when he lay a-dying? I wonder how it came out that he really didn't know; and do you think besides that you or I would grow rich in the same way if we tried? It has long been a puzzle to me, but I would rather give it up than put it to the proof!

Quite true that about the weather! Very often it is the only sign we discern in the sky, or care to read there. Weather probabilities and our weather prophet—what topics for discussion have we here, and after all what trouble might be saved if we would only store up and act by such words of wisdom as we find in the old rhyme :

"An evening red and a morning gray
Are sure signs of a fair day.
Be the evening gray and the morning red,
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head."

But let us turn from the vulgar to the classical, and see whether in poetry, if not in painting—for Mr. Ruskin says it is not there—we find sign or token that the "Old Masters" had any of that sympathy with Nature, without which she will not unfold to us one syllable of her hidden meanings and messages divine. We take up Virgil and lay him down

again. What have we found? No trace that star-lit sky or cloudy firmament ~~bre~~ into his soul—only that they looked in from far to tell that fair weather comes when “fleecy clouds do strew the heavenly way,” or that showers are abundant when “Luna with blunt horns doth hold the dusky air.” It may be that men said less than they felt in those days, in contrast with the often superficial sentimentalism of our self-conscious age, but even making this allowance to the past, we cannot fail thankfully to recognize a great awakening that has come to men, of later years. Art and culture in their marked revival and wide-spreading influence have done much to train our eyes to see, our ears to hear, our minds to receive, the exquisite harmonies and infinite varieties of the world that lies all about us. Look back through the vista of years, and see our good St. Bernard on horseback one long day by the Genevan Lake, and hear him ask at night where the lake might be. Or look at Calvin standing at the meadowed feet of the white-veiled mountains of Switzerland, looking up at their bended faces without one trace of emotion or thrill of delight. Exceptions there are of course.

There have been in all climes and ages souls in whom Nature has found a heaven of truth so clear that her thousand glories have passed in and rested there; and one, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, doubly gifted with feeling and song, struck chords on his harp-strings in answer to the deep throbbings of Nature's heart which will resound to the end of time. To him the universe was indeed “the realized thought of God”—one vast temple whose curtains were the shadowing clouds, whose pillars were the

mighty mountains, and the beams of whose chambers were in the waters, and fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, on swift wing came and went as its angelic ministrants.

Ah! surely this it is that makes the great poet or the great painter! A music lies at the heart of all things—so we read here a year ago—but only he who hears bows down his head before the mystic song.

“Earth’s crammed with Heaven
And every common bush afire with God.
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.”

Are we not wakening to this now as perhaps never before? It is not the artist who gives us the most finished portrait of external form, without going deeper, who moves our souls. The veinings of the leaf may be there in all distinctness and unerring accuracy, the colours may be on the canvas as closely as paint and pencil can convey them there, and yet it is a lifeless leaf and a futile picture—wrong at all points.

It was our good fortune once in a lifetime to live next floor below an artist—he had been a photographer at home, but was now painting pictures abroad. One day he brought his picture down and set it up against the wall for our own eye and admiration. One could see what it *might* have conveyed to us—the vision of a girl, fair and delicate, sitting out in the sunshine and sweetness of a morning on the Southern shore; half listless, half roused to hope as the breezes from sea and flower-strewn land met and kissed on her brow. All this it might have told and more, had the

painter been able to comprehend and reveal. But the group of on-lookers stood and gazed. At last one said: "How very like the umbrella is!"

True enough! The stick and its green cotton canopy were there in fullness of perfection — *its* meaning was obvious; but *Nature*, where had all her meaning gone? She had not been grasped in her twofold aspect, the outer and natural consummated by the inner and spiritual, and *She was not there*.

To man alone, of all creatures, is it given to discern this twofold manner, and he who would be Nature's high priest to translate her through poet's pen or artist's pencil to his fellow-men, must be pure in heart and high in soul as well as unwearying in earnest effort and patient thought.

But we started with *Clouds*, and now we seem to have forgotten all about them! Well, it is easy to go back to them again, for it is from Cloudland,

"Almost human in its passions,
Almost spiritual in its tenderness,
Almost divine in its infinity,"

that these messages seem to come most clearly, most sweetly, to wearied wayfarers in the dimness and dust of their walk below. The dreamy, intangible clouds! How define the charm they lay upon us? For at the very name we feel like closing our eyes and floating away into reverie, and yet it is in watching them sometimes that a voice seems to come from their land, to tell us that we are dreaming and to bid us awake. In how great a degree do most of us dream our life! We are born into the world with a certain momentum thrown into us, and under it we

move at first without questioning and without effort. Nature is all about us with her myriad movements and flashing brilliancies, and we look out at her and take it all for granted. The man is in a degree more conscious of himself than the child—he is more awake perhaps to a purpose in himself and in the world external to him, but still the stream of life is a buried stream, and oft

“ We seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.”

And from the dreamy, distant clouds, in hours of feeling, a voice whispers to us to awake, that our life has a bourne, and that its rise and destiny are Divine. The clouds and winds are hurrying on to another land, and the great sun, as he dips down behind the hills, goes to another land, and thoughts come over to us of a “ Land which is very far off.”

“ ‘ What, you are stepping westward?’
‘ Yea.’ ’Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance.”

And so we look to the sunset clouds, and as the light falls upon our faces, we turn and speak to each other softly of a hope.

Though there is something in the clouds of dawn and evening that specially appeals to one, yet the effects of a cloudy sky at noon-day are often very striking. The landscape lies all flecked with light and shade, spread with lengthened gleams and deep shadows. And have you not

often looked and wondered to see, the livelong summer's day, a pyramid of soft, round clouds on the horizon, with creamy lights and shadows gray, a grand mass of clouds that standeth still or "moveth all together if it move at all."

What a matter of faith it was to one as a child, living on these low levels, that people sometimes got right up into the clouds, and what a charm lay in George MacDonald's fairy tale of the boy with the golden key, who sought and sought for the end of the rainbow that he might unlock the door, and mount the winding stairway up to the land whence the shadows fall! In after years it chanced that I stood one day, in a far-off valley, deep set amongst the mountains, and the clouds came and softly floated round me, and the shining end of a rainbow quivered in the cloud, and over me there came a child-like wonder, and memories revived of the boy with the golden key, who climbed and climbed the shining stairway up to the land whence the shadows fall.

May the peace and mercy which are the pledge of the rainbow lead us upwards from earth to heaven!

May the record of our lives be written in such wise as was the Story of a Good Man of Old:

"He was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full.

As the sun shining upon the Temple of the Most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds."